DEVOUT EXERCISES

OF THE

HEART;

IN

MEDITATION AND SOLILOQUY, PRAYER AND PRAISE.

By the late pious and ingenious Mrs. ROWE.

REVIEWED and PUBLISHED at her Requeſt,
By I. WATTS, D. D.

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MDCCXCII.

BRITISH MUSEUM

Molly Long's property

TO

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An intimate Friend of Mrs.

ROWE.

MADAM,

IF theſe pious MEDITATIONS of ſo ſublime a genius, ſhould be inſcribed to any name, there is none but yours muſt have ſtood in the front of them. That long and conſtant intimacy of friendſhip, with which you delighted to honor her, that high eſteem and veneration you are pleaſed to pay her memory, and the ſacred likeneſs and ſympathy between two kindred ſouls, abſolutely determine where this reſpect ſhould be paid.

Beſides, Madam, you well know that ſome copies out of theſe papers have been your own ſeveral years, by the gift of the deceaſed; and the favor you have done me lately by your permiſſion to peruſe them, has aſſiſted the correction of theſe Manuſcripts, and would add another reaſon to ſupport this inſcription of them, if your fear

of

of assuming too much honor could but have admitted this piece of justice.

I know, Madam, your tenderness and indulgence to every thing Mrs. Rowe has written, cannot with-hold your judgment from suspecting some of her expressions to be a little too rapturous, and too near a-kin to the language of the mystical writers; yet your piety and candor will take no such offence as to prevent your best improvement by them in all that is divine and holy; and may your retired hours find such happy assistances and elevations hereby, that you may commence the joys of angels, and of blessed spirits before-hand.

And when your valuable life has been long extended, amidst all the temporal blessings you enjoy, and the christian virtues you practise, may you at the call of God find a gentle dismission from mortality, and ascend on high to meet your deceased friend in paradise. Nor can I suppose that any of the inhabitants of that blissful region will sooner recognize your first appearance there with a more tender sense of mutual satisfaction. There may you join with your beloved *Philomela*, in paying celestial worship, in exalted and unknown forms, to her God, and your God; and may the harmony of the

place

place be assisted by your united songs to JESUS, your common Saviour!

I am, Madam, with sincerity and esteem,

Your most faithful, and

Newington, Sept. 29, 1737.

obedient servant.

I. WATTS.

I NO 61

PREFACE.

THE admirable author of theſe Devotional Papers has been in high eſteem among the ingenious and the polite, ſince ſo many excellent fruits of her pen, both in verſe and proſe, have appeared in public. She was early honoured under the feigned name of *Philomela*, before the world was allowed to know Mrs. ELIZABETH SINGER by the name drawn from her family, or that of Mrs. ROWE, which ſhe acquired by marriage.

Though many of her writings that were publiſhed in her life time diſcover a pious and heavenly temper, and a warm zeal for religion and virtue—yet ſhe choſe to conceal the *Devotions of her Heart*, till ſhe was got beyond the cenſure and the applauſe of mortals. 'Twas enough that GOD, whom ſhe loved with ardent and ſupreme affection, was witneſs to all her ſecret and intenſe breathings after him.

In *February* laſt he was pleaſed to call her out of our world, and take her to himſelf. Some time after her deceaſe theſe manuſcripts were tranſmitted to me all incloſed in one ſheet of paper, and directed to me

me at *Newington* by her own hand: In the midſt of them I found her letter, which intreated me to review them and commit them to the preſs. This letter I have thought neceſſary to ſhow the world, not ſo much to diſcover my right to publiſh theſe papers, as to let the reader ſee ſomething more of that holy and heavenly character which ſhe maintained in an uniform manner both in life and death.

'Tis now almoſt thirty years ago ſince I was honoured with her acquaintance, nor could her great modeſty conceal all her ſhining graces and accompliſhments; but it is not my province to give a particular account of this excellent woman, who has bleſſed and adorned our nation and our age. I expect her temper, her conduct, and her virtues will be ſet in a juſt and pleaſing light among the memoirs of her life, by ſome near relations, to whom the care of her poetical pieces, and her familiar letters is committed.

Theſe Devout Exerciſes, are animated with ſuch fire as ſeems to ſpeak the language of holy paſſion, and diſcovers them to be the dictates of her heart; and thoſe who were favored with her chief intimacy will moſt readily believe it. The ſtyle, I confeſs, is raiſed above that of common meditation or ſoliloquy; but let it be remembered

bered ſhe was no common chriſtian. As her virtues were ſublime, ſo her genius was bright and ſparkling, and the vivacity of her imagination had a tincture of the muſe almoſt from her childhood. This made it natural to her to expreſs the inward ſentiments of her ſoul in more exalted language, and to paint her own ideas in metaphor and rapture near a-kin to the diction of poeſy.

The reader will here find a ſpirit dwelling in a fleſh elevated into divine tranſports congenial to thoſe of angels and unbodied minds. Her intenſe love to her God kindles at every hint, and tranſcends the limits of mortality. I ſcarce ever met with any devotional writings which gave us an example of a ſoul, at ſpecial ſeaſons, ſo far raiſed above every thing that is not immortal and divine.

Yet ſhe is conſcious of her frailties too: She ſometimes confeſſes her folly and her guilt in the ſight of God, in the moſt affecting language of a deep humiliation. 'Tis with a pathetic ſenſibility of her weakneſs, and in the ſtrongeſt language of ſelf-diſplacency, ſhe bewails her offences againſt her Creator and Redeemer; and in her intervals of darkneſs, ſhe vents her painful complaints and mournings for the abſence of her higheſt and beſt beloved.

Let it be obſerved that it was much the

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faſhion, even among ſome divines of eminence in former years, to expreſs the fervours of devout love to our Saviour in the ſtyle of the *Song of Solomon:* And I muſt confeſs that ſeveral of my compoſures in verſe, written in younger life, were led by thoſe examples unwarily into this track. But if I may be permitted to ſpeak the ſenſe of mature age, I can hardly think this the happieſt language in which chriſtians ſhould *generally* diſcover their warm ſentiments of religion, ſince the clearer and more ſpiritual revelations of the New Teſtament. Yet ſtill it muſt be owned, there are ſome ſouls favored with ſuch beautifying viſits from heaven, and raptured with ſuch a flame of divine affection, as more powerfully engages all animal nature in their devotions, and conſtrains them to ſpeak their pureſt and moſt ſpiritual exerciſes in ſuch pathetic and tender expreſſions as may be perverſely profaned by an unholy conſtruction. And the bias and propenſity toward this ſtyle is yet ſtronger, where early impreſſions of piety have been made on the heart by devout writings of this kind.

It ſhould be remembered alſo, there is nothing to be found here which riſes above our ideas; here are none of thoſe abſurd and incomprehenſible phraſes which amuſe the ear with ſounding vanity, and hold rea-

ſon in ſovereign contempt: Here are no viſionary ſcenes of wild extravagance, no affectations of the tumid and unmeaning ſtyle, which ſpreads a glaring confuſion over the underſtanding; nothing that leads the reader into the region of thoſe myſtical ſhadows and darkneſs which abound in the Romiſh writers, under the pretence of refined light and ſublime ecſtaſy. Nor is the character of this ingenious author to be blemiſhed with any other reproaches, which have been ſometimes caſt on ſuch ſort of meditations.

I know it hath been ſaid, that this language of rapture addreſſed to the Deity, is but a new tract given to the flow of the ſofter powers, after the diſappointment of ſome meaner love; or at leaſt, 'tis owing to the want of a proper object and opportunity to fix thoſe tender paſſions: But this cannot be allowed to be the caſe here; for as Mrs. Rowe had been ſought early by ſeveral lovers, ſo ſhe ſpent ſeveral years of younger life in the connubial ſtate with a gentleman of ſuch accompliſhments and ſuch circumſtances, that he was well fitted to be a partner of her joys and cares.

I know alſo, that this ſoft and paſſionate turn of religious meditation has ſometimes been imputed to injuries and ill treatment in the marriage ſtate, whereby the ſame affections are weaned from an undeſerving object,

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and poured out in amorous language upon an object ſupremely worthy and divine. But neither has this reproach any pretence in the preſent caſe: that happy pair had ſouls ſo near a-kin to each other, that they preſerved an uncommon amity, and mutual ſatisfaction, ſo long as providence favored him with life. 'Tis ſufficiently evident then, that in theſe meditations there is no ſecret panting after a mortal love in the language of devotion and piety.

Nor yet can it be objected, that it was any diſplacence and peeviſhneſs towards other things round about her, that taught her to expreſs herſelf with ſuch contempt of the things of mortality, and all the gay and tempting ſcenes of the preſent ſtate: ſhe was by no means ſour and moroſe, and out of humor with the world, nor with her acquaintance that dwelt in it: ſhe often converſed freely with the gay and great, and was in high eſteem among perſons of rank and honor. But honor and rank among mortals, with all the ſcenes of gaiety and greatneſs, were little deſpicable and forgotten things, while in her devout moments her eye and her heart were fixed on God, the ſupreme original of all excellence and all honor.

In common life ſhe was affable and friendly with perſons of every rank and degree; and

and in her latter years, as ſhe drew nearer to heaven, if ſhe avoided any thing it was grandeur and public appearances on earth. But ſhe never ſo concealed and abſtracted herſelf from the ſociety of any of her fellow-creatures, as to deſpiſe the meaneſt of her ſpecies. She was ever kind and compaſſionate to the diſtreſſed, and largely liberal to the indigent. Nor did ſhe neglect the daily duties of human life under a vain imagination that ſhe moved in a higher ſphere, and was ſeraphically exalted above them.

In ſhort, there is nothing in theſe papers that can juſtly ſupport any ſuch ſort of cenſures, though men of corrupt minds may cover the bible itſelf with ſlander and ridicule. Let all ſuch readers ſtand aloof, nor touch theſe ſacred leaves, leſt they pollute them.

Tho' there is not one complete copy of verſes amongſt all theſe tranſports of her ſoul, yet ſhe ever carried with her a reliſh of poeſy even into her ſacred retirements.— Sometimes ſhe ſprings her flight from a line or two of verſe, which her memory had impreſſed upon her heart: ſometimes from the midſt of her religious elevations ſhe lights down upon a few lines of ſome modern poet, even *Herbert* as well as *Milton*, &c. tho' 'tis but ſeldom ſhe cites their names. At other times the verſes ſeem to be the effuſion

of

of her own rapturous thoughts in ſudden melody and metre; or at leaſt I know not whence the lines are copied: but ſhe moſt frequently does me the honor to make uſe of ſome of my writings in verſe in theſe holy meditations of her heart. Bleſſed be that God, who has ſo far favored any thing my pen could produce, as to aſſiſt ſo ſublime a devotion.

From the different appearance of the paper and ink in ſome of theſe pieces, as well as from the early tranſcripts of ſeveral among her friends, 'tis evident they were written in her younger days; others are of a much later original, though there is but one that bears a Date, and that is *April* 30, 1735. They ſeem to have been penned at ſpecial ſeaſons and occaſions throughout the courſe of her life. A few of them bear the corrections or additions of her own pen, which diſcovers itſelf by a little difference of the hand-writing.

Though ſhe was never tempted away from our common chriſtianity into the faſhionable apoſtacies of the age, yet I am well informed from many hands, that in her latter years ſhe entered with more zeal and affection into ſome of the peculiar doctrines of the goſpel: And 'tis evident that ſome of theſe devotional pieces have a more evangelic turn than others, and probably moſt

of thoſe were compoſed or corrected in the latter part of life. The oppoſition which has of late been made to ſome of theſe truths, gave occaſion to her further ſearch into them, and her zeal for them. However, I have placed theſe papers all as I found them pinned up in a wrapping-paper, tho' 'tis evident, from plain circumſtances, this is not the order in which they were written, nor is that of any great importance.

Tho' theſe writings give us the aſpirations of a devout ſoul in her holy retirements, when ſhe had no deſign to preſent the public with them; yet they did not want a great deal of adjuſtment or correction in order to ſee the light. The numbers and the titles are added by the publiſher, as well as the breaks and pauſes, which give a ſort of reſt to the reader's mind, and make the review more eaſy. Here and there a too venturous flight is a little moderated; ſometimes a meditation or ſentence is completed, which ſeemed very imperfect, or a ſhort line or two inſerted to introduce the ſenſe where the language ſeemed too abrupt or the meaning too obſcure. Her ſoul had a large ſet of ideas in preſent view, which made every expreſſion ſhe uſed eaſy and perſpicuous to herſelf when ſhe wrote only for her own uſe; tho' ſometimes her entire ſenſe might not be quite ſo obvious to eve-

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ry reader without a little introduction into her tract of ſentiments. Upon the whole, I muſt acknowledge I was very unwilling that this excellent work ſhould loſe any degrees of elegance and brightneſs by paſſing through my hands.

When the manuſcript came firſt under my reviſal, I read it over with the eye of a critic and a friend, that I might publiſh it with honor to the hand that wrote it, and with religious entertainment and advantage to the world: Nor was this employment deſtitute of its proper ſatisfaction. But never did I feel the true pleaſure of theſe meditations, till I had finiſhed this labour of the *head*, and began to read them over again as *devout exerciſes of the heart*—Then I endeavored to enter more entirely into the ſpirit of the pious author, and attempted to aſſume her language as my own. But how much ſuperior was the ſatisfaction which I received from this review, eſpecially whereſoever I had reaſon to hope I could pronounce her words with ſincerity of ſoul. How happily did this raiſe and entertain all my pleaſing paſſions, and give me another ſort of delight than the dry critical peruſal of them, in order to judge concerning their propriety? But I confeſs alſo, it was an abaſing and mortifying thought when I found how often I was conſtrained to drop the ſublime ex-

preſſion

preſſion from my lips, or forbid my tongue to uſe it, becauſe my own attainments ſunk ſo far beneath thoſe ſacred elevations of ſpirit, and fell ſo far ſhort of theſe tranſcendent degrees of divine affection and zeal.

Let me perſuade all that peruſe this book, to make the ſame experiment that I have done; and when they have ſhut out the world, and are reading in their retirements, let them try how far they can ſpeak this language, and aſſume theſe ſentiments as their own: and by aſpiring to follow them, may they find the ſame ſatisfaction and delight, or at leaſt learn the profitable leſſons of ſelf abaſement and holy ſhame—and may a noble and glorious ambition excite in their breaſts a ſacred zeal to emulate ſo illuſtrious an example. Whatſoever ardors of divine love have been kindled in a ſoul united to fleſh and blood, may alſo be kindled by the ſame influences of grace in other ſpirits, labouring under the ſame clogs and impediments.

But perhaps it will be neceſſary here to give a caution to ſome humble chriſtians, that they would not make theſe higher elevations of piety and holy joy the teſt and ſtandard by which to judge of the ſincerity of their own religion. Ten thouſand ſaints are arrived ſafe at paradiſe, who have not been favored, like St. *Paul*, with a rapture into

into the third heaven, nor could ever ariſe to the affectionate tranſports and devout joys of Mrs. *Rowe*; yet I hope all ſerious readers may find ſomething here, which, through the aids of the bleſſed Spirit, may raiſe them above their uſual pitch, may give a new ſpring to their religious pleaſures, and their immortal hopes, and thereby render their lives more holy and heavenly.

That the publication of this little book may be favored with the divine bleſſing for this happy end, is the ſincere deſire and requeſt of the publiſher, as it was the real motive of the ingenious and pious writer, to commit them by my hand to the public view. This ſufficiently diſcovers itſelf in the following letter.

1 NO 61

To

To the Reverend

Dr. Watts, at *Newington.*

SIR,

THE opinion I have of your piety and judgment, is the reaſon of my giving you the trouble of looking over theſe papers, in order to publiſh them; which I deſire you to do as ſoon as you can conveniently; only you have full liberty to ſuppreſs whatever you think proper.

I think there can be no vanity in this deſign, for I am ſenſible ſuch thoughts as theſe will not be for the taſte of the modiſh part of the world; and before they appear, I ſhall be entirely diſintereſted in the cenſure or applauſe of mortals.

The reflections were occaſionally written, and only for my own improvement; but I am not without hopes that they may have the ſame effect on ſome pious minds, as the reading the experiences of others have had on my own ſoul. The experimental part of religion has generally a greater influence than its theory; and if, when I am ſleeping in the duſt, theſe ſoliloquies ſhould kindle a flame of divine love in the heart of the loweſt

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and moſt deſpiſed chriſtian, be the glory given to the great ſpring of all grace and benignity.

I have now done with mortal things, and all to come is vaſt eternity——eternity—— How tranſporting is the ſound! as long as God exiſts, my being and happineſs is ſecure. Theſe unbounded deſires, which the wide creation cannot limit, ſhall be ſatisfied for ever. I ſhall drink at the fountain head of pleaſure, and be refreſhed with the emanations of original life and joy. I ſhall hear the voice of uncreated harmony ſpeaking peace and ineffable conſolation to my ſoul.

I expect eternal life, not as a reward *(of merit)* but a pure act of bounty. Deteſting myſelf in every view I can take, I fly to the righteouſneſs and atonement of my great Redeemer, for pardon and ſalvation; this is my only conſolation and hope. *Enter not into judgment, O Lord, with thy ſervant; for in thy ſight ſhall no fleſh be juſtified.*

Through the blood of the Lamb I hope for an entire victory over the laſt enemy; and that before this comes to you, I ſhall have reached the celeſtial heights; and while you are reading theſe lines, I ſhall be adoring before the throne of God, where faith ſhall be turned into viſion, and theſe languiſhing deſires ſatisfied with the full fruition of immortal love. Adieu.

ELIZ. ROWE.

DEVOUT EXERCISES

OF THE

HEART, &c.

I. *Supreme Love to* GOD.

WHY, O my God, muſt this mortal ſtructure put ſo great a ſeparation between my ſoul and thee? I am ſurrounded with thy eſſence, yet I cannot perceive thee: I follow thee, and trace thy footſteps in heaven and earth, yet I cannot overtake thee; thou art before me, and I cannot reach thee; and behind me, and I perceive thee not.

I NO 61

O thou, whom unſeen, I love, by what powerful influence doſt thou attract my ſoul? The eye has not ſeen, nor the ear heard, nor has it entered into the heart of man to conceive, what thou art; and yet I love thee beyond all that mine eye hath ſeen, or my ear heard, beyond all that my heart can comprehend. Thou dwelleſt in heights of glory to which no human thought can ſoar, and yet thou art more near and intimate to my ſoul than any of the objects of ſenſe. Theſe ears have never heard thy voice,

voice, and yet I am better acquainted with thee, and can rely on thee with more confidence, than on the deareſt friend I have on earth.

My heart cleaves to thee, O Lord, as its only refuge, and finds in thee a ſecret and conſtant ſpring of conſolation. I ſpeak to thee with the utmoſt confidence, and think thy being my greateſt happineſs. The reflection on thy exiſtence and greatneſs recreates my ſpirits, and fills my heart with alacrity; my ſoul overflows with pleaſure, I rejoice, I triumph in thy independent bleſſedneſs, and abſolute dominion. Reign, O my God, forever glorious and uncontroled.

I, a worm of the earth, would join my aſſent with the infinite orders above, with all thy flaming miniſters who rejoice in thy kingdom and glory.

Tho' not with them, thy happier race, allow'd
To view the bright unveil'd divinity;
(By no audacious glance from mortal eyes,
Thoſe myſtic glories are to be profan'd)
But yet I feel the ſame immortal flame,
And love thee, tho' unſeen.

I love thee——Thus far I can ſpeak, but all the reſt is unutterable; and I muſt leave the pleaſing tale untold till I can talk in the language of immortality: and then I'll begin the tranſporting ſtory, which ſhall never come to an end, but be ſtill and ſtill begin-

ning: for thy beauties, O thou faireſt of ten thouſand, will ſtill be new, and ſhall kindle freſh ardor in my ſoul to all eternity. The ſacred flame ſhall riſe, nor find any limits till thy perfections find a period.

I love thee, and O thou that knoweſt all things, read the character that love has drawn on my heart: what excellence but thine in heaven and earth could raiſe ſuch aſpirations of ſoul, ſuch ſublime and fervent affections as thoſe I feel? what could fix my ſpirit but boundleſs perfection? what is there elſe for whoſe ſake I could deſpiſe all created glory? why am I not at reſt here among ſenſible enjoyments? whence ariſe theſe importunate longings, theſe infinite deſires? why does not the complete creation ſatisfy, or at leaſt delude me with a dream of happineſs? why do not the objects of ſenſe awake a more ardent ſentiment than things diſtant and inviſible? why ſhould I, who *ſay to corruption thou art my father*, aſpire after a union with the immenſe divinity?

You angels of God that behold his face, explain to me the ſacred myſtery; tell me how this heavenly flame began, unriddle its wonderous generation: who hath animated this mortal flame with celeſtial fire, and given a clod of earth this divine ambition? what could kindle it but the breath of God, which kindled up my ſoul? and to thee, its

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amiable original, it aſcends; it breaks thro' all created perfection, and keeps on its reſtleſs courſe to the firſt pattern of beauty.

Ye flow'ry varieties of the earth, and you ſparkling glories of the ſkies, your blandiſhments are vain, while I purſue an excellence that caſts a reproach on all your glory. I would fain cloſe my eyes on all the various and lovely appearances you preſent, and would open them on a brighter ſcene. I have deſires which nothing viſible can gratify; to which no material things are ſuitable. O when ſhall I find objects more entirely agreeable to my intellectual faculties? my ſoul ſprings forward in purſuit of a diſtant good, whom I followed by ſome faint ray of light, which only glimmers by ſhort intervals before me. Oh! when will it diſperſe the clouds, and break out in full ſplendor on my ſoul?

But what will the open viſion of thy beauties effect, if while thou art but faintly imagined, I love thee with ſuch a ſacred fervor. To what bleſſed heights ſhall my admiration riſe, when I ſhall behold thee in full perfection; when I ſhall ſee thee as thou art exalted in majeſty, and complete in beauty? how ſhall I triumph then in thy glory, and in the privileges of my own being? what ineffable thoughts will riſe to find myſelf united to the all-ſufficient divinity, by ties

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which the ſons of men have no names to expreſs, by an engagement that the revolution of eternal years ſhall not diſſolve? the league of nature ſhall be broken, and the laws of the mingled elements be cancelled; but my relation to the almighty God ſhall ſtand fixed and unchangeable as his own exiſtence! *Nor life, nor death, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things preſent, nor things to come, ſhall ever ſeparate me from his love.*

Triumph, O my ſoul, and rejoice; look forward beyond the period of all terreſtrial things: look beyond ten thouſand ages of celeſtial bleſſedneſs, look forward ſtill, and take an immeaſurable proſpect; preſs on and leave unnumbered ages behind, ages of ineffable peace and pleaſure; plunge at once into the ocean of bliſs, and call eternity itſelf thy own.

There are no limits to the proſpect of my joy; it runs parallel with the duration of the infinite divinity, my bliſs is without bounds; O when ſhall the full poſſeſſion of it commence!

II. *The Truth and Goodneſs of* GOD.

ENGRAV'D as in eternal braſs,
The mighty promiſe ſhines;
Nor can the pow'rs of darkneſs raze
Thoſe everlaſting lines.

The

The ſacred word of grace is ſtrong
As that which built the ſkies;
The voice that rolls the ſtars along,
Speaks all the promiſes.

And they are all built on the immutable truth and goodneſs of thy nature. Thou doſt not ſpeak at random, like vain man; but whatever thou haſt engaged to perform, is the reſult of eternal counſel and deſign. Thou haſt uttered nothing that thou canſt ſee occaſion to alter on a ſecond review—thou canſt promiſe nothing to thy own damage, nor be a loſer by the utmoſt liberality. Thou art every way qualified to make good thy engagements, by the fulneſs of thy riches and power.

Nor haſt thou any neceſſity to flatter thy creatures, or to ſay kinder things to them than thou meaneſt to fulfil. Miſerable man can bring no advantage to thee, nor has he any thing to claim from thee. By what benefit has he prevented thee? by what right can he demand the leaſt of thy favors? thy engagements are all free and unconſtrained, founded on thy own beneficence, and not on the merits of thy creature. While I conſider this, my expectations riſe, I ſet no limits to my hopes: I look up with confidence, and call thee *my Father*, and with a humble faith, I claim every advantage that tender name imports. My heart con-

fides in thee with ſtedfaſtneſs and alacrity; fear and diſtruſt are inconſiſtent with my thoughts of the beneficence of thy nature.

Every name and attribute by which thou haſt revealed thyſelf to man confirms my faith. Thy life, thy being is engaged: I may as well queſtion thy exiſtence, as thy faithfulneſs: as ſure as thou art, thou art juſt and true. The proteſtation of the moſt faithful friend I have, cannot give me half the conſolation that thy promiſes give me. I hear vain man with diffidence, I bid my ſoul beware of truſting falſe mortality; but I hear thy voice with joy and full aſſurance.

Thy words are not writ in ſand, nor ſcattered by the fleeting winds, but ſhall ſtand in force when heaven and earth ſhall be no more. Eternal ages ſhall not diminiſh their efficacy, nor alter what the mouth of the Lord hath ſpoken. I believe, I believe with the moſt perfect aſſent: I know that *thou art, and that thou art a rewarder of them that diligently ſeek thee*; I feel the evidence, for thou haſt not left thyſelf without witneſs in my heart.

III. *Longing after the Enjoyment of* GOD.

MY God, to thee my ſighs aſcend, every complaint I make, ends with thy name: I pauſe, I dwell on the ſound, I

ſpeak

ſpeak it over again, and find that all my cares begin and end in thee. I long to behold the ſupreme beauty, I pant for the fair original of all that is lovely, for beauty that is yet unknown, and for intellectual pleaſures yet unaſted.

My heart aſpires, my wiſhes fly beyond the bounds of creation, and deſpiſe all that mortality can preſent me with. I was formed for celeſtial joys, and find myſelf capable of the entertainments of angels. Why may I not begin my heaven below, and taſte at leaſt of the ſprings of pleaſure that flow from thy right hand forever?

Should I drink my fill, thoſe fountains are ſtill exhauſtleſs; millions of happy ſouls quench their infinite deſires there; millions of happy orders of beings gaze on thy beauty, and are made partakers of thy bleſſedneſs; but thou art ſtill undiminiſhed. No liberality can waſte the ſtore of thy perfection; it has flowed from eternity, and runs forever freſh, and why muſt I periſh for want?

My thirſty ſoul pines for the waters of life. Oh! who will refreſh me with the pleaſurable draught? how long ſhall I wander in this deſart land, where every proſpect is waſte and barren; I look round me in vain, and ſigh ſtill unſatisfied: oh! who will lead me to the ſtill waters, and make

me

me repoſe in green paſtures, where the weary are forever at reſt? how tedious are the hours of expectation?

Come, Lord, my head doth burn, my heart is ſick,
While thou doſt ever, ever ſtay;
Thy long deferring wounds me to the quick;
My ſpirit gaſpeth night and day:
O ſhow thyſelf to me,
Or take me up to thee.

Diſpatch thy commiſſions; give me my work, and activity to perform it, and let me as a hireling fulfil my day. Lord, 'tis enough: *what am I better than my fathers?* they are dead, and I am mortal.

I'm but a ſtranger and a pilgrim here,
In theſe wild regions, wandering and forlorn,
Reſtleſs and ſighing for my native home,
Longing to reach my weary ſpace of life,
And to fulfil my taſk. Oh! haſte the hour
Of joy and ſweet repoſe. Tranſporting hope!

Lord, here am I waiting for thy commands, attending thy pleaſure; O ſpeak, and incline my ear to hear; give me my work, let me finiſh it, and gain my diſmiſſion from this body of ſin and death; this hated clog of error and guilt, of corruption and vanity. Oh! let me drop this load, and bid theſe ſcenes of guilt a final adieu.

I have waited for thy ſalvation, O Lord; when wilt thou let me into thy holy habitation?

tion? how long ſhall I pine at this diſtance from thee? what can I ſpeak to ſhow thee my pain, to utter my anguiſh, when I fear the loſs of my God? oh! ſpeak an aſſuring word, and confirm my hope!

Tranſporting moment! when wilt thou appear,
To crown my hopes, and baniſh all my fear?

Again, O my Father, and my eternal Friend, I breathe out my requeſts to thee in this land of fatigue and folly! what is this life but a ſorry tireſome round, a circle of repeated vanities? happineſs has been never ſeen in it ſince ſin and folly entered: all is empty appearance, or vain labor, or painful vexation.

Suffic'd with life, my languid ſpirits faint,
And fain would be at reſt. Oh! let me enter
Thoſe ſacred ſeats, and after all the toil
Of life, begin an everlaſting ſabbath.

Yet again, O Lord, I aſk leave to tell thee, *I have waited for thy ſalvation*, and hourly languiſhed after the habitation of my God. My heart grows ſick, and I almoſt expire under theſe delays: What have I here to keep me from thee? What to relieve the tedious hours of abſence? I have pronounced all below the ſun, vanity and vexation; all inſipid and burthenſome.—Amidſt health and plenty, friends and reputation, thou art my only joy, my higheſt

wiſh,

wiſh, and my ſupreme delight. On thee my ſoul fixes all her hopes; there I reſt in a celeſtial calm! Oh! let it not be broken with earthly objects; let me live unmoleſted with the cares or delights of ſenſe.

Oh! let me flee
From all the world, and live alone to thee.

IV. GOD *my ſupreme, my only Hope.*

WHY do I addreſs thee, my God, with no more confidence? Why do I indulge theſe remains of unbelief, and harbour theſe returns of infidelity and diſtruſt? Can I ſurvey the earth, can I gaze on the ſtructure of the heavens, and aſk if thou art able to deliver? Can I call in queſtion thy ability to ſuccour me, when I conſider the general and particular inſtances of thy goodneſs and power? One age to another, in long ſucceſſion, hath conveyed the records of thy glory: *in all generations thou haſt been our dwelling place, my fathers truſted in thee, and were delivered.* They have encouraged me, my own experience has encouraged me to truſt in thee forever.

The ſun may fail to riſe, and men in vain expect its light—but thy truth, thy faithfulneſs cannot fail: the courſe of nature may be reverſed, and all be chaos again—

but

but thou art immutable, and canſt not by any change deceive the hopes of thoſe that truſt in thee; I adore thy power, and ſubſcribe to thy goodneſs and fidelity, and what farther objection would my unbelief raiſe? Is any thing too hard for God to accompliſh? Can the united force of earth and hell reſiſt his will?

Great God, how wide thy glories ſhine!
How broad thy kingdom, how divine!
Nature and miracle, and fate, and chance are thine.

Therefore I apply myſelf immediately to thee, and renounce all the terror and all the confidence that may ariſe from heaven or earth beſides.

Not from the duſt my joys or ſorrows ſpring:
Let all the baleful planets ſhed
Their mingled curſes round my head;
Their mingled curſes I deſpiſe,
Let but the great, the eternal King,
Look thro' the clouds, and bleſs me with his eyes.

Let him bleſs me, and I ſhall be bleſſed: bleſſed without reſerve or limitation; bleſſed in my going out, and coming in; in my ſitting down and riſing up; bleſſed in time, and bleſſed to all eternity. That bleſſing from thy lips will influence the whole creation, and attend me wherever I am. It ſhall

go

go before me as a leading light, and follow me as my protecting angel. When I lie down it will cover me, I shall rest beneath the shadow of the Most High, and dwell safely in the secrets of his tabernacle.

Thy kingdom ruleth over all, O Lord, and thou *dost according to thy will in the armies of heaven, and among the inhabitants of the earth*: I confess and acknowledge thy providence. The ways of man are not at his own disposal, but all his goings are ordered by thee; all events are in thy hands, and thou only canst succeed or disappoint his hopes. If thou blow on his designs they are forever blasted; if thou bless them, neither earth nor hell can hinder their success: therefore I apply myself immediately to thee; for not all created power can assist me without thee.

Hence from my heart, ye idols, flee,
Ye sounding names of vanity!
No more my tongue shall sacrifice
To chance and nature, tales and lies;
Creatures without a God can yield me no supplies.

Not all the power of men on earth, nor angels nor saints in heaven, can help or relieve me in the least exigence, if my God hide himself and stand afar off from me. Second causes are all at thy direction, and cannot aid me till commissioned by thee.

Lord,

Lord, when my thoughtful ſoul ſurveys
Fire, air, and earth, and ſtars, and ſeas,
I call them all my ſlaves;
Commiſſion'd by my Father's will,
Poiſon ſhall cure, or balm ſhall kill;
Vernal ſuns, or Zephyrs breath
May burn or blaſt the plants to death,
That ſharp December *ſaves.*
What can winds or planets boaſt,
But a precarious power?
The ſun is all in darkneſs loſt,
Froſt ſhall be fire, and fire be froſt,
When he appoints the hour.

At thy command, nature and neceſſity are no more; all things are alike eaſy to a God: ſpeak but thou the word, and my deſires are granted: Say, *Let there be light*, and there ſhall be light. Thou canſt look me into peace, when the tumult of thoughts raiſe a ſtorm within. Bid my ſoul be ſtill, and all its tempeſt ſhall obey thee.

I depend only on thee; do thou ſmile, and all the world may frown: Do thou ſucceed my affairs, and I ſhall fear no obſtacle that earth or hell can put in my way. Thou only art the object of my fear, and all my deſires are directed to thee.

Human things have loſt their being and their names, and vaniſh into nothing before thee; they are but ſhades and diſguiſes to veil the active divinity. Oh! let me break

through all theſe ſeparations, and ſee and confeſs the great, the governing cauſe. Let no appearance of created things, however ſpecious, hide thee from my view: Let me look thro' all to thee, nor caſt a glance of love or hope below thee. With a holy contempt let me ſurvey the ample round of the creation, as lying in the hollow of thy hand, and every being in heaven and on earth, as unmoveable by the moſt potent cauſe in nature, till commiſſioned by thee to do me good or hurt. Oh! let thy hand be with me to keep me from evil, and let me abide under the ſhadow of the Almighty: I ſhall be ſecure in thy pavilion. To thee I fly for ſhelter from all the ills of mortality.

V. GOD *a preſent Help, and ever near.*

THOU waſt fond of me, O my God, when I ſought thee not; and wilt thou fly from me when I ſeek thee? Am I giving my breath to the wind, and ſcattering my petitions in the air? Is it a vain thing to call upon God? and is there no profit in crying to the Almighty? *Art thou a God afar off, and not near at hand?* Is there any place exempt from thy preſence? Any diſtance whence my cries cannot reach thee? Can any darkneſs hide me from thy eyes?

or,

or, is there a corner of creation unviſited by thee? Doſt thou not fill heaven and earth, and am not I ſurrounded by thy immenſity?

Are my deſires unknown to thee? or, is there a thought in my heart concealed from thee? Doſt not thou who haſt formed the ear, hear? Canſt thou forget the work of thy own hands? or, retired far in the heavens, full of thy own happineſs, canſt thou leave thy creation to miſery and diſorder, helpleſs and hopeleſs? Are the ways of man at his own diſpoſal, and his paths undirected by thee? Is calling on the living God, no more than worſhipping a dumb idol? Canſt thou, like them, diſappoint and mock thy adorers?

Art thou unacquainted with the extent of thy own power, that thou ſhouldſt promiſe beyond thy ability to perform? or art thou *as a man, that ſhouldſt lie; or the ſon of man, that ſhouldſt repent?* Is thy faithfulneſs uncertain, and thy power precarious? Are thoſe perfections imaginary for which men adore thee? and thy gracious names inſignificant titles? Do the *children of men* in vain *put their truſt under the ſhadow of thy wings?* Art not thou *a preſent help in the time of trouble?* and is there no ſecurity in the ſecret places of the Moſt High? Whither then ſhall I look in my diſtreſs? to whom ſhall I direct my prayer? from whom

ſhall

ſhall I expect relief, if there is no help in God for me?

But, oh! what unrighteouſneſs have my fathers ever found in thee? What injuſtice can I charge thee with? What breach of truth, or want of pity, have the records of thy actions ever been ſtained with the breach of faithfulneſs? Art thou not my only hope, and my long experienced ſupport? Have I ever found help from the creatures when thou haſt failed me? Have I, or can I have, a greater certainty than thy word to depend on? Can any other power defend or deliver like thee? Thou art *a rock and thy work is perfect*, for *all thy ways are judgment: a God of truth, and without iniquity; juſt and right art thou.* With my laſt breath I will witneſs to thy truth and faithfulneſs, and declare thy goodneſs to the children of men.

VI. GOD *an All-ſufficient Good, and my only Happineſs.*

WHY is my heart ſo far from thee,
My God, my chief delight?
Why are my thoughts no more by day
With thee, no more by night?
Why ſhould my fooliſh paſſions rove?
Where can ſuch ſweetneſs be
As I have taſted in thy love,
As I have found in thee?

Where

Where can I hope to meet ſuch joys as thy ſmiles have given me? Where can I find pleaſure ſo ſincere and unallayed? When I have enjoyed the light of thy countenance, and the ſenſe of thy love, has not all my ſoul been filled? Have I found any want or emptineſs? Has there been any room left for deſire, or any proſpect beyond, beſides the more perfect enjoyment of my God? Have not all the glories of the world been darkened, and turned into blackneſs and deformity? How poor, how contemptible have they appeared? or rather, have they not all diſappeared and vaniſhed as dreams and ſhadows in the noon of day, and under the blaze of ſun-beams.

I have never found ſatisfaction in any thing but in God; why then do I wander from him? Why do I leave the fountain of living water for broken cifterns? Why do I abandon the full ocean in ſearch of ſhallow ſtreams? What account can I give for folly like this? I can promiſe myſelf nothing from the creature; thoſe expectations ſhall deceive me no more. It is thou, my God, thou art the only object of my hopes and deſires; it is thou only that canſt make me happy.

If thou frown, my being is a curſe: Thy indignation is hell with all its terrors. Let me never feel that, and I defy all things

elſe to make me miſerable. I ſeem independent on all nature, to thee only I apply myſelf. Hear me, thou beneficent author of my being, thou ſupport of my life, to thee I direct my wiſhes, thoſe deſires which thou wilt approve, while I aſk but the happineſs I was created to enjoy. Oh! fix all my expectation on thee, and free me from this levity and inconſtancy.

Look gently down, Almighty Grace,
Priſon me round in thy embrace;
Pity the heart that would be thine,
And let thy power my love confine.

Suffer me never to ſtart from thee; ſuch a confinement were ſweeter than liberty: *Thy yoke is eaſy, and thy burthen light.* I ſhall bleſs the chain that binds me to thee. Oh! give me ſuch a view of thy beauty as ſhall fix my volatile heart forever; ſuch a view as ſhall determine all its motions, and be a conſtant conviction how unreaſonable it is to wander from thee.

Is it that I reliſh any thing beyond thy love? Oh! no. I appeal even to thee, who canſt not be deceived, and knoweſt the inmoſt ſecrets of my ſoul; Thou knoweſt where the balance of my love falls, and that my wanderings are not deliberate; that it is not by choice that I forſake thee. I grieve, I ſigh for my folly; ſhouldſt thou

forgive

forgive me, I can never forgive myself, for I know it is inexcusable.

I want nothing when I am possessed of thee; without thee I want all things. Thou art the centre of all my passions; I have no hope but what is thine, no joy but what flows from thee: My greatest fears are those of losing thee; my inmost care is to secure thy favor. This is the subject of my deepest anxiety: Every sigh I breathe ends in thy name, and that loved name alone allays every anguish of my soul, and calms its rudest tempests.

From thy frowns or favour all my joys or sorrows spring; thy frowns can make me infinitely miserable, thy favour can make me infinitely blessed. I can defy hell, & smile in the face of death, whilst I can call thee mine. My God! still let me bless the sound, and part with all things rather than renounce my propriety in thee: let me hold it to my last breath, and claim it with my expiring sighs.

Secure of thee, nothing can terrify my soul; all is peaceable and serene within, eternal love and immortal pleasure: I desire no more: imagination stops here, and all my wishes are lost in eternal plenty.—My God! more cannot be asked, and with less I shall be infinitely miserable. The kingdoms of the skies should not buy my

title

title to thee and thy love: The bleſſedneſs of all creatures is complete here, for God himſelf is bleſſed in himſelf forever.

What can I add, for all my words are faint?
Celeſtial love no eloquence can paint:
No more can be in mortal ſounds expreſs'd,
But vaſt eternity ſhall tell the reſt.

VII. *A Covenant with* GOD.

INCOMPREHENSIBLE Being, who *ſearcheſt the heart, and trieſt the reins of the children of men*, thou knoweſt my ſincerity, and my thoughts are all unveiled to thee; I am ſurrounded with thine immenſity; thou art a preſent, tho' inviſible witneſs of the ſolemn affair I am now engaged in. I am now *taking hold of thy ſtrength, that I may make peace with thee*, and entering into articles with the Almighty God: Theſe are the happy days long ſince predicted, when *one ſhall ſay, I am the Lord's, and another ſhall call himſelf by the name of Iſrael, and another ſhall ſubſcribe with his hand to the Lord; and I will be their God, and they ſhall be my ſons and my daughters, ſaith the Lord* Jehovah.

With the moſt thankful ſincerity I take hold on this covenant, as it is more fully manifeſted and explained in thy goſpel by

Jeſus

Jesus Christ; and humbly accepting thy proposals, I bind myself to thee by a sacred and everlasting obligation. By a free and deliberate action, I do here ratify the articles which were made for me in my baptism into the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit; I religiously devote myself to thy service, and entirely submit to thy conduct. I renounce the glories and vanities of the world, and choose thee as my happiness, my supreme felicity and everlasting portion. I make no article with thee for any thing besides: Deny or give me what thou wilt, I will never repine while my principal treasure is secure. This is my deliberate, my free and sincere determination; a determination, which, by thy grace, I will never retract.

Oh! thou, by whose power alone I shall be able to stand, *Put thy fear in my heart, that I may never depart from thee*: Let not the world, with all its flatteries—nor death, nor hell, with all their terrors, force me to violate this sacred vow. Oh! let me never live to abandon thee, nor draw the impious breath, that would deny thee.

And now let surrounding angels witness for me, that I solemnly devote all the powers and faculties of my soul to thy service; and when I presumptuously employ any of the advantages thou hast given me, to thy dishonor,

diſhonor, let them teſtify againſt me, and let my own words condemn me.

ELIZA. ROWE.

Thus have I ſubſcribed to thy gracious propoſals, and engaged myſelf to be the Lord's: And now let the malice of men, and the rage of devils, combine againſt me, I can defy all their ſtratagems; for GOD himſelf is become my friend, Jeſus is my all-ſufficient Saviour, and the *Spirit of God*, I truſt, will be my ſanctifier, and my comforter.

O happy day! tranſporting moment! the brighteſt period of my life! heaven with all its light ſmiles on thee: what glorious mortal can now excite my envy? What ſcene to tempt my ambition could the whole creation diſplay? Let glory call me with her exalted voice; let pleaſure, with a ſofter eloquence allure me; the world in all its ſplendor appears but a trifle, while the infinite God is my portion. He is mine by as ſure a title as eternal veracity can confer. The right is unqueſtionable, the conveyance unalterable. The mountains ſhall be removed, and the hills be diſſolved, before the everlaſting obligation ſhall be cancelled.

VIII.

VIII. *A Thank-Offering for ſaving Grace.*

BLESS the Lord, O my ſoul, and all that is within me bleſs his holy name: Bleſs the Lord, and forget not all his benefits, who redeemeth thy life from deſtruction, and crowneth thee with loving kindneſs, and tender mercy— who brought thee out of the mire and clay, and ſet thy feet upon a rock; who broke thy fetters, and freed thee from the miſerable bondage of ſin. I lay, a wretched ſlave, pleaſed with my chains, and fond of my captivity, fatally deluded and undone, till love, almighty love, reſcued me. Bleſſed effect of unmerited grace! I ſhall ſtand forever an illuſtrious inſtance of boundleſs mercy: To that I muſt entirely aſcribe my ſalvation, and through all the ages of eternity, I'll rehearſe the wonders of redeeming love, and tell to liſtening angels what it has done for my ſoul.

I'll ſing the endleſs miracles of love;
Forever that my lofty theme ſhall prove.

My glorious Creator, why did I employ thy thoughts before I had a being? Why from all eternity was an immortality deſigned me, and my birth allotted me in a land illuminated with the rays of ſacred light? I might have been invoking the powers of hell with deteſtable ceremonies, inſtead of adoring the omnipotent God. But when thouſands

thouſands are loſt in theſe deluſions, why am I thus graciouſly diſtinguiſhed? Inſtead of being born among the ſhameful vices of impious parents, and an heir to their curſes, why am I entitled to the bleſſing of religious anceſtors? Why, when I was incapable of choice, was I devoted to the God that *keeps covenant and mercy to a thouſand generations of them that fear him?*

Why, when I knew thee not, didſt thou ſuſtain me? But oh! Why, when I knew thee, and rebelled againſt thee, why didſt thou ſo long ſuffer my ingratitude? Why did thy watchful providence perpetually ſurround me, croſſing all the methods I took to undo myſelf? Why was I not curs'd with my own wiſhes, and left to the quiet poſſeſſion of thoſe vanities I delighted in; thoſe toys which I fooliſhly preferred to all the treaſures of thy love? Why didſt thou purſue me with the offers of thy favour when I fled thee with ſuch averſion, and had fled thee forever, if thou hadſt not compelled me to return?

Why did thy Spirit ſtrive ſo long with an obſtinate heart, which reſiſted all its motions, and turned thy patience and long ſuffering into provocation and guilt? Why am I not undone by thoſe pleaſing ſnares in which I have ſeen ſo many deluded wretches periſh? Like them I deſpiſed the un-

ſearch

ſearchable riches of thy grace; with them I had been content to ſhare the ſorry portion and pleaſures of this world, if thou hadſt let me alone, and I ſhould never have enquired after thee; but why waſt thou found of one that ſought thee not? O why, but *becauſe thou wilt be merciful to whom thou wilt be merciful?*

Therefore again with aſtoniſhment and delight I look back on the methods of thy grace, and again I conſider myſelf loſt in an abyſs of ſin and miſery; when there was no eye to pity me, no hand but thine to aſſiſt me, thou madeſt it then the time of love. Never was grace more free and ſurpriſing than thine is; never was there a more obſtinate heart than mine; and never ſuch unconquerable love as thine. How glorioufly has it triumphed over my rebellious faculties? How freely has it cancelled all my guilt?

Could I have made the leaſt pretence to merit, or have challenged any thing from thee, the benefit had been leſs exalted; had there been any foundation for human pride, my corrupt heart would ſoon have taken the advantage, and have robbed thee of thy honor, by aſcribing the glorious work to the ſtrength of my own reaſon, or a natural tendency to virtue; but here my vanity is forever ſilenced. I am loſt in the boundleſs

abyſs. O height! O depth! O length and breadth immeaſurable! *How unſearchable are thy ways, Almighty love, and thy paths paſt finding out!*

Let me here begin my eternal ſong, and aſcribe *ſalvation and honor*, dominion and majeſty, *to him that ſits on the throne, and to the Lamb forever*, who has loved me, and ranſomed me with his blood—ranſomed me from a voluntary bondage, from the moſt vile and hopeleſs captivity, a captivity from which nothing but that invaluable purchaſe could have redeemed me.

" *Infinite love! almighty grace!*
" *Stand in amaze, ye rolling ſkies!*

Bring hither your celeſtial harps, ye beneficent beings, who amidſt the height of your happineſs expreſs a kind regard for man: teach me the language of paradiſe, the ſtrains of immortality. But oh! 'tis all too feeble, the tongues of ſeraphims cannot utter what I owe my Redeemer: From what miſery, my adorable Saviour, haſt thou reſcued me? From error, from ſin, from ſnares and death, from infernal chains, eternal horror, and the blackneſs of darkneſs forever.

Nor here my glorious benefactor ſtayed; but ſtill went on to magnify the riches of his grace, and entitled me to an endleſs inheritance, and an immortal crown; to the fruition

fruition of God, and the unutterable joys that flow from his preſence.

Myſterious depths of boundleſs love
My admiration raiſe:
O God, thy name exalted ſtands
Above my higheſt praiſe.

IX. *Evidence of ſincere Love to* GOD.

IF I love thee not, my bleſſed God, I know not what I love—if I am uncertain of this I am uncertain of my exiſtence: If I love thee not, what is the meaning of theſe pathetic expreſſions? *My God, my All!* thou ſpring of my life, and fountain of my happineſs! my great reward, and my exceeding joy, the eternal object of my love, and ſupreme felicity of my nature! Does not my heart attend my lips in all this language? How can this be, if my ſoul does not love thee?

O my God, if I love thee not, what is the meaning of this conſtant uneaſineſs at thy abſence? From whence proceeds this painful anxiety of mind about thy love, and all theſe intenſe, theſe reſtleſs deſires after thee? Why are all the ſatisfactions of life inſipid without thee? Without my God what are riches and honors, and pleaſures to me? I ſhould eſteem the poſſeſſion of the world

but

but a trifle, or rather my eternal damage, if it muſt be purchaſed with the loſs of thy favor. Thy benignity is better than life, and the moments in which I enjoy a ſenſe of thy love, are the only happy intervals of my life. It is then I live—it is then I am truly bleſſed—it is then I look down with contempt on the little amuſements of the world, and pity them that want a taſte for theſe exalted pleaſures.

How calm, how peaceful in thoſe ſeaſons are all the regions of my ſoul! I have enough, I aſk no more. Can they languiſh for the ſtream who drink at the overflowing fountain? I have all the world, and more, I have heaven itſelf in thee: In thee I am completely and ſecurely bleſſed, and can defy the malice of earth and hell to ſhake the foundation of my happineſs, while thou doſt whiſper thy love to my ſoul. O bleſſed ſtability of heart! O ſublime ſatisfaction! haſt thou not told me that thou art mine by an inviolable engagement, when my ſoul devoted itſelf ſincerely to thee? Does not thy word aſſure me, *that the mountains ſhall depart, and the hills be removed; but thy kindneſs ſhall not depart, nor the covenant of thy peace be broken?*

Haſt thou not terminated my wiſhes, O Lord, in thyſelf, and fixed my wandering deſires? Is it for riches or honor, for length

of

of days, or pleaſure, that I follow thee with daily importunities? Thou knoweſt theſe are not the ſubject of my reſtleſs petitions: Do I ever balance theſe toys with thy favor? Oh! no. One ſmile of thine obſcures all their glory. When thou doſt bleſs my retired devotions with thy preſence, I can wink all created beauty into blackneſs.—When I meet thee in my ſolitary contemplations, with what contempt do I look back on the leſſening world.

How dazzling is thy beauty! how divine!
How dim the luſtre of the world to thine!

How dull are its entertainments to the pleaſure of converſing with thee? Oh ſtay, in thoſe happy moments, cries my ſatisfied ſoul.

Stay, my beloved, with me here;
Stay till the morning ſtar appear;
Stay till the duſky ſhadows fly
Before the day's illuſtrious eye.

Oh! ſtay till the gloomy night of life is paſt, and eternity dawn on my ſoul. There is nothing in this barren place to entertain me when thou art gone; I can reliſh nothing below after theſe celeſtial banquets.

If I love thee not, what is the meaning of this impatience to be with thee? *My ſoul longeth, yea, fainteth for the courts of the Lord;*

when ſhall I come and appear before thee? Oh! that I had the wings of a dove—for then would I fly away, and be at reſt.

X. *Aſſurances of Salvation in* Chriſt Jeſus.

I HAVE put my treaſure, my immortal part, into thy hands. Oh! my dear Redeemer, and *ſhall the prey be taken from the mighty?* Shall a ſoul conſecrated to thee fall a ſacrifice to hell?

Bleſſed God, am I not thine? and ſhall the temple of thy ſpirit be profaned, and the lips that have ſo often aſcribed dominion and glory and majeſty to thee, be defiled with infernal blaſphemy, and the execrations of the damned? Shall the ſparks of divine love be extinguiſhed, and immortal enmity ſucceed? And ſhall I, who was once bleſſed with thy favor, become the object of thy wrath and indignation? Shall all the mighty things thou haſt done for my ſoul be forgotten? Shall all my vows, and thy own ſacred engagements be cancelled? It is all impoſſible; *for thou art not as man, that thou ſhouldſt lie; nor as the ſon of man, that thou ſhouldſt repent.*

Thou art engaged by thy own tremendous name for my ſecurity: My God and my father's God, from generation to generation

ation thou haſt been our dwelling place. I was devoted to thee in baptiſm by the ſolemn vows of my religious parents: My infant hands were early lifted up to thee, and I ſoon learned to know and acknowledge the God of my fathers. I have actually ſubſcribed with my hand to the Lord, and am thine by the moſt voluntary and deliberate obligations. The portion of Jacob is my joyful choice, nor need I fear loſing it while thy word is eſtabliſhed as the heavens.

The Lord, who made heaven, earth, and ſea,
And all that they contain,
Will never quit his ſteadfaſt truth,
Nor make his promiſe vain.

Were my dependance on myſelf I were undone: The firſt temptation would ſhake my reſolutions; I ſhould ſell the ineſtimable riches of thy love for a trifle, and fool away immortal pleaſures for the joys of a moment; a ſpecious deluſion would ſeduce me from all my hopes of a glorious futurity, I ſhall fall a victim to my own folly, and muſt inevitably periſh, if thou forſake me: But the ſtrength of Iſrael is my hope, the Mighty One of Jacob my defence.

Thou art the rock of ages—the fixed and immutable divinity is my high tower, and my refuge, my Redeemer, and Almighty Saviour.

Saviour. Theſe were the bleſſed, the glorious titles by which thou didſt at firſt aſſure my doubtful ſoul: Theſe were the tranſporting names I knew and called thee by; and thou haſt anſwered them through all the changes of my life.

I was thy early care—thou didſt ſupport my helpleſs infancy, and art the watchful guide of an unſteady youth. Which way ſoever I turn I meet thy mercy, and trace thy providence; and as long as I live I will record thy benefits, and depend on thy truth; thoſe benefits which have conſtantly purſued me, and that truth which has never deceived me, and is engaged never to abandon me. Tranſporting aſſurance!—What further ſecurity can I aſk? What ſecurity can I wiſh beyond eternal veracity? *The mountains ſhall depart, and the hills be removed, but thy kindneſs ſhall not depart, nor the covenant of thy peace be broken*; that covenant which has been ſealed by the blood of the Son of God, and in that holy ſacrament I have received the pledges of thy love.—Thou didſt graciouſly invite me into that communion, and meet me there with the moſt unmerited favor.

Fear not, ſayſt thou, poor trembling ſoul, for I am thy Redeemer, and thy mighty Saviour, the hope of Iſrael, and in my name ſhall all the nations of the earth be bleſſed;

I am gracious and merciful, long-ſuffering, and abundant in goodneſs and truth: Theſe are the titles by which I have revealed myſelf to men. I came the expected Meſſiah, the ſtar of Jacob, and the glory of the Gentiles. I came from the fullneſs of ineffable glory, in the form of man, to redeem the race of Adam. I am willing and able to ſave, and *Whoſoever comes to me, I will in no wiſe caſt away.* Fear not, I had kind deſigns towards thee from eternity; and by theſe viſible ſigns of my body and blood, I ſeal my love to thy ſoul: Take here the pledges of heaven, the aſſurances of everlaſting happineſs.

It is enough, replied my tranſported ſoul, divide the world as thou wilt, let others unenvied ſhare its glory; thy love is all I crave, I am bleſſed with that aſſurance, I am ſurrounded with the joys of paradiſe; every place is a heaven, while my beloved is mine, and I am his.

If all the monarchs, whoſe commands ſupreme,
Divides the wide dominion of this ball,
Should offer each his boaſted diadem,
I would not quit thy favor for them all:
Theſe trifles with contempt I would reſign,
The world's a toy, while I can call thee mine.

Let God and Angels witneſs for me, that I renounce the world, and chooſe thy love

as

as my portion; witneſs that I ſacrifice my darling ſins to thee; and from this moment ſolemnly devote myſelf to thy ſervice.

Thus did I engage myſelf to be the lord's, and thus didſt thou graciouſly condeſcend to ſeal the privileges of the new covenant to my ſoul. And O let the ſolemn tranſaction never be forgotten; let it be writ in the volumes of eternity; eternity; let it be engraven in the books of unalterable deſtiny: There let the ſacred articles ſtand recorded, and be had in everlaſting remembrance.

XI. *Thou art my* GOD.

O GOD, thou art my God; thou art thy own bleſſedneſs, the centre of thy own deſires, and the boundleſs ſpring of thy own happineſs. Thou art immutable and infinitely perfect, and therein conſiſts thy bleſſedneſs and glory: But that *thou art my God*, it is from thence flows all my conſolation. This glorious privilege is my dignity and boaſt, *Thou art my God, and I will praiſe thee; my father's God, and I will exalt thee: the Lord liveth, and bleſſed be my rock, and let the God of my ſalvation be exalted. Thy benignity is better than life, therefore my lips ſhall praiſe thee.*

I

I have all things in poſſeſſing thee; I find no want, no emptineſs within; my wiſhes are anſwered, and all my deſires appeaſed, when I believe my title to thy favor ſecure. Whatever tempeſts ariſe, whatever darkneſs ſurrounds me, yet *thou art my God*; I cry, and the ſtorms are appeaſed, and the darkneſs vaniſhes. I find my expectations from the world diſappointed, my friends falſe, and human dependence vain; but ſtill thou art my God, my unfailing confidence, my rock, my everlaſting inheritance. Death and hell level their darts againſt me; but with a heavenly tranquility I cry, *Thou art my God: I dwell on high: my place of defence is the munition of rocks.*

My hiding-place, my refuge, tower,
And ſhield, art thou, O Lord:
I firmly anchor all my hopes
On thy unerring word.

While thou art mine, what can I fear? Can omnipotence be vanquiſhed? Can almighty ſtrength be oppoſed? When it can, then, and not till then, ſhall I want ſecurity; then, and not till then, ſhall my confidence be ſhaken, and my hopes confounded.

Thou art my God: Let me again repeat the glorious accents, and hear the pleaſurable ſounds. Let me a thouſand and a thouſand times repeat it; it is rapture all, and harmony. The harps of angels and their tongues,

tongues, what notes more melodious could they ſing or play? What but theſe tranſporting words give the emphaſis to all their joys? On this they dwell, it is their eternal theme, *Thou art my God.* Like me, every ſeraph boaſts the glorious propriety, and owes his happineſs to thoſe important words: In them unbounded joys are comprehended, paradiſe itſelf, all heaven is here deſcribed; all that is poſſible to be uttered of celeſtial bleſſedneſs is here contained.

My God, my all ſufficient good,
My portion, and my choice;
In thee my vaſt deſires are fill'd,
And all my powers rejoice.

My God, my triumph, and my glory, let others boaſt of what they will, and pride themſelves in human ſecurities; let them place their confidence in their wealth, their honor, and their numerous friends; I renounce all earthly dependence, and glory only in my God.

From him alone my joys ſhall riſe,
And run eternal rounds,
Beyond the limits of the ſkies,
And all created bounds.

When death ſhall remove all other ſupports, and force me to quit my title to the deareſt names below, in *my God* I ſhall have an unchangeable propriety: That engage-

ment

ment ſhall remain firm when I ſhall loſe my hold of all other enjoyments: when all human things vaniſh with an everlaſting flight, I ſhall bid them a joyful adieu, and breathe out my ſoul with this triumphant exclamation, *Thou art my God*, my inheritance, my eternal poſſeſſion: Nor death, nor hell ſhall ever ſeparate me from thy love.

Thou art my God. Let me ſurvey the extent of my bleſſedneſs—Let me take a proſpect of my vaſt poſſeſſion—Let me conſider its dimenſions! O height! O depth! O length and breadth immeaſurable! I have all that is worth poſſeſſing, *thou art my God.*

But what have I uttered? is mortality permitted to ſpeak theſe daring words?—Can the race of man make ſuch glorious pretenſions?—Thou thyſelf canſt give no more: Thou that art thy own happineſs, and the ſpring of joy to all thy creatures: with thee are the fountains of pleaſure, and in thy preſence is fulneſs of joy; immortal life and happineſs flow from thee, and they are neceſſarily bleſſed who are ſurrounded with thy favor; thou art their God, and thou art my God to everlaſting ages.

Earth flies with all the charms it has in ſtore,
Its ſnares and gay temptations are no more,
Creatures no more of entity can boaſt,
The ſtreams, the hills, and tow'ring groves are loſt.

The ſun, the ſtars, and the fair fields of light
Withdraw, and now are vaniſh'd from my ſight,
And God is all in all.

XII. *Confeſſion of Sin, with hope of Pardon.*

BREAK, break, inſenſible heart! Let confuſion cover me, and darkneſs, black as my own guilt, ſurround me.—— Lord, what a monſter am I become? How hateful to myſelf for offending thee? How much more deteſtable to thee—to thee, againſt whom I have offended? Why have I provoked the God on whom my being every moment depends? The God, who out of nothing advanced me to a reaſonable and immortal nature, and put me in a capacity of being happy forever? The God whoſe goodneſs has run parallel with my life; who has preſerved me in a thouſand dangers, and kept me even from the ruin I courted, and even while I repined at the providence that ſaved me.

How often has he recovered me from eternal miſery, and brought me back from the very borders of hell, when there was but a dying groan, but one faint ſigh between me and everlaſting perdition? When all human help failed, and my mournful friends were taking their laſt farewel; when every

ſmiling

ſmiling hope forſook me, and the horrors of death ſurrounded me; to God I cried from the depths of miſery and deſpair; I cried, and he was intreated, and reſcued my life from deſtruction: He *brought me out of the miry clay, and ſet my feet upon a rock.* A thouſand inſtances of thy goodneſs could I recount, and all to my own confuſion.

Could I conſider thee as my enemy, I might forgive myſelf; but when I conſider thee as my beſt friend, my tender father, the ſuſtainer of my life, and author of my happineſs; good God! what a monſtrous thing do I appear, who have ſinned againſt thee? Could I charge thee with ſeverity, or call thy laws rigorous and unjuſt, I had ſome excuſe; but I am ſilenced there by the conviction of my own reaſon, which aſſents to all thy precepts as juſt and holy. But to heighten my guilt, I have violated the ſacred rules I approve: I have provoked the juſtice I fear, and offended the purity I adore.

Yet ſtill there are higher aggravations of my iniquity; and what gives me the utmoſt confuſion is, that I have ſinned againſt unbounded love and goodneſs: horrid ingratitude! here lies the emphaſis of my folly and miſery: the ſenſe of this torments me, I cannot ſay, as much as the dread of hell, or the fears of loſing heaven: Thy love and tender compaſſion, the late pleaſing ſubjects

of

of my thoughts, are on this account become my terror. The titles of an enemy and a judge ſcarce ſound more painful to my ears, than thoſe of a friend and benefactor, which ſo ſhamefully enhance my guilt: Thoſe ſacred names confound and terrify my ſoul, becauſe they furniſh my conſcience with the moſt exquiſite reproaches: The thoughts of ſuch goodneſs abuſed, and ſuch clemency affronted, ſeem to be almoſt as inſupportable as thoſe of thy wrath and ſeverity.

O whither ſhall I turn! I dare not look upward; the ſun and ſtars upbraid me there: If I look downward, the fields and fountains take their Creator's part, and heaven and earth conſpire to aggravate my ſins; thoſe common bleſſings tell me how much I am indebted to thy bounty; but, Lord, when I recall thy particular favors, I am utterly confounded! What numerous inſtances could I recount? Nor has my rebellion yet ſhut up the fountain of thy grace; for yet I breathe, and yet I live, and live to implore a pardon: Heaven is ſtill open, and the throne of God acceſſible. But Oh! with what confidence can I approach it? what motives can I urge, but ſuch as carry my own condemnation in them.

Shall I urge thy former pity and indulgence? This were to plead againſt myſelf; and yet thy clemency, that clemency which

I have abuſed, is the beſt argument I can bring; thy grace and clemency as revealed in Jeſus, the Son of thy love, the bleſſed reconciler of God and man.

O whither has my folly reduced me?—With what words ſhall I chooſe to addreſs thee? *Pardon my iniquity, O Lord, for it is great*—Surpriſing argument! yet this will magnify thy goodneſs, and yield me an eternal theme to praiſe thee; it will add an emphaſis to all my grateful ſongs, and tune my harp to everlaſting harmony. The ranſomed of the Lord ſhall join with me, while this glorious inſtance of thy grace excites their wonder, and my unbounded gratitude: thus ſhall thy glory be exalted.

O Lord God, permit a poor worthleſs creature to plead a little with thee; what honor will my deſtruction bring thee? What profit, what triumph to the Almighty will my perdition be? Mercy is thy brighteſt attribute; this gives thee all thy lovelineſs, and completes thy beauty. By names of kindneſs and indulgence thou haſt choſen to reveal thyſelf to men; by titles of the moſt tender import thou haſt made thyſelf known to my ſoul; titles which thou doſt not yet diſdain, but art ſtill compaſſionate and ready to pardon.

But that thou haſt or will forgive me, O my God, aggravates my guilt. And wilt

thou indeed forgive me? wilt thou remit the gloomy ſcore, and reſtore the privilege I have forfeited? Wonderous love! aſtoniſhing benignity! Let me never live to repeat my ingratitude; let me never live to break my penitent vows; let me die ere that unhappy moment arrive.

XIII. *The Abſence of* GOD *on Earth.*

WHAT is hell? what is damnation, but an excluſion from thy preſence? 'Tis the want of that which gives the regions of darkneſs all their horror: What is heaven? What are the ſatisfactions of angels, but the views of thy glory? What but thy ſmiles and complacence are the ſprings of their immortal tranſports?

Without the light of thy countenance, what privilege is my being? What canſt thou thyſelf give me to countervail the infinite loſs? Could the riches, the empty glories, and inſipid pleaſures of the world, recompenſe me for it? Ah! no. Not all the variety of the creation could ſatisfy me, while I am deprived of thee: Let the ambitious, the licentious and covetous, ſhare theſe trifles among themſelves; they are no amuſements for my dejected thoughts.

There was a time, (but ah! that happy time is paſt, thoſe bliſsful minutes gone) when

when with a modeſt aſſurance I could call thee *my father, my almighty friend, my defence, my hope, and my exceeding great reward:* But thoſe glorious advantages are loſt, thoſe raviſhing proſpects withdrawn, and to my trembling ſoul thou doſt no more appear but as a conſuming fire, an inacceſſible majeſty, my ſevere judge, and my omnipotent adverſary; and who ſhall deliver me out of thy hands? Where ſhall I find a ſhelter from thy wrath? What ſhades can cover me from thy all-ſeeing eye?

One glance from thee, one piercing ray,
Would kindle darkneſs into day:
The veil of night is no diſguiſe,
No ſcreen from thy all ſearching eyes:
Thro' midnight ſhades thou find'ſt thy way,
As in the blazing noon of day.

But will the Lord caſt off forever? Will he be favorable no more? Has God indeed forgotten to be gracious? Will he ſhut out my prayer forever—and muſt I never behold my maker? Muſt I never meet thoſe ſmiles that fill the heavenly inhabitants with unutterable joys? thoſe ſmiles which enlighten the celeſtial region, and make everlaſting day above? In vain then have theſe wretched eyes beheld the light, in vain am I endued with reaſonable faculties and immortal principles: Alas! what will they prove but everlaſting curſes, if I muſt never ſee the face of God?

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Is it a dream? or do I hear
The voice that ſo delights my ear?
Lo, he o'er hills his ſteps extends,
And bounding from the cliffs deſcends:
Now like a roe outſtrips the wind,
And leaves the panting hart behind.

I have waited for thee as they that wait for the morning, and thy returns are more welcome than the ſpringing daylight, after the horrors of a melancholy night; more welcome than eaſe to the ſick, than water to the thirſty, or reſt to the weary traveller. How undone was I without thee? In vain, while thou wert abſent, the world hath try'd to entertain me; all it could offer was like jeſts to dying men, or like recreations to the damn'd. On thy favor alone my tranquility depends; deprived of that, I ſhould ſigh for happineſs in the midſt of a paradiſe:— *Thy loving kindneſs is better than life*, and if a taſte of thy love be thus tranſporting, what extaſies ſhall I know when I drink my fill of the ſtreams of bliſs that flow from thy right hand forever? But when—

When ſhall this day of happy viſion be?
When ſhall I make a near approach to thee?
Be loſt in love, and wrapt in extaſy?
Oh! when ſhall I behold thee all ſerene,
Without this envious cloudy veil between?

'Tis

*'Tis true—the ſacred elements impart**
Thy virtual preſence to my faithful heart,
But to my ſenſe ſtill unreveal'd thou art.
This, tho' a great, is an imperfect bliſs,
To ſee a ſhadow for the God I wiſh.
My ſoul a more exalted pitch would fly,
And view thee in the heights of majeſty.

XIV. *Baniſhment from* GOD *forever.*

DEPART from me, ye curſed: Oh! let me never hear thy voice pronounce thoſe dreadful words. With what terrors would that ſentence pierce my heart, while it thunders in my ears? Oh! rather ſpeak me into my primitive nothing, and with one potent word finiſh my exiſtence. To be ſeparated from thee, and curſt with immortality, who can ſuſtain the intolerable doom?

O dreadful ſtate of black deſpair,
To ſee my God remove,
And fix my doleful ſtation where
I muſt not taſte his love,

nor view the light of thy countenance forever. Unutterable woe! there is no hell beyond it. Separation from God is the depth of miſery. Blackneſs of darkneſs and eternal night muſt neceſſarily involve a ſoul excluded from thy preſence. What life, what joy,

* *At the* Lord's Supper.

joy, what hope is to be found where thou art not? I want words to paint my thoughts of that dismal state. Oh! let me never be reserved for the dreadful experience! rather let loose thy wrath, and in a moment reduce me into nothing.

Depart from thee! Oh! whither should I go from thee? *Into utter darkness?* That makes no addition at all to the wretch's misery that is banished from thy face. After that fearful doom, I should without constraint seek out shades as dark as hell, being most agreeable to my own despair, and in the horrors of eternal night bewail the infinite loss.

The remembrance of that lost happiness would render celestial day insufferable. The light of paradise could not cheer me without thy favor: The songs of angels would but heighten my anguish, and torment me with a scene of bliss which I must never taste. The sight of thy favorites, and the glories of thy court, would but excite my envy, and fill me with madness, while I considered myself the object of thine eternal indignation: Nor could all the harmony of Heaven allay the horror of that reflection.

The groans of the damned, and the darkness of the infernal caverns, would better suit my grief. There to the cries of tormented ghosts, and to the sound of eternal tempests,

tempeſts, I might join my wild complaints, and lament the loſs of infinite bliſs, and curſe my own folly: But all the plagues below, if I might ſpeak my preſent thoughts, ſhould not extort a blaſphemous reflection on the divine attributes; for I know I deſerve eternal miſery, and even in hell I think I ſhould confeſs thy juſtice. Thy long experienced clemency, I am ſure, ought to ſilence my reproaches forever, and to all eternity leave thee unblemiſhed with the imputation of cruelty.

But oh! what agonies would the remembrance of thy former favor excite? What exquiſite remorſe would it give me to recal thoſe happy moments when thou didſt bleſs my retired devotions with thy preſence? After I have reliſhed thoſe divine entertainments, how bitter would the dregs of thy wrath be? Whither would thy frowns ſink me, after I have enjoyed the light of thy countenance?

If I muſt loſe thy favor, oh! let me forget what that word imports, and blot forever from my remembrance the joys that a ſenſe of thy love has excited: Let no traces of thoſe ſacred tranſports be left on my ſoul.

But muſt I depart from thee into everlaſting fire? Double and dreadful curſe! And yet unquenchable flames, and infernal chains

chains, (if I can judge in this life of ſuch awful futurities) would be leſs terrible than a ſenſe of thoſe loſt joys. That loſs would endure no reflection; the review would be forever inſufferable; the ages of eternity could not diminiſh the exquiſite regret; ſtill it would excite new and unutterable anguiſh, and rack me with infinite deſpair.

Bleſſed God, pity the ſoul whoſe extremeſt horror is the doom of an eternal departure from thee. Draw my ſpirit into the holieſt and the neareſt union with thyſelf that is poſſible, while it dwells in this fleſh; and let me here commence that delightful reſidence and converſe with God, which, nor death, nor judgment ſhall ever deſtroy, nor ſhall a long eternity ever put a period to it.

XV. *The Glory of* GOD *in his Works of Creation, Providence and Redemption.*

MY being immediately flows from thee, and ſhould I not praiſe my omnipotent Maker? I received the laſt breath I drew from thee, thou doſt ſuſtain my life this very moment, and the next depends entirely on thy pleaſure. 'Tis the dignity of my nature to know, and my happineſs to praiſe and adore my great original. But oh! thou ſupreme of all things, how art thou to

be

be extolled by mortal man? *I ſay to corruption, thou art my father, and to the worms, ye are my brethren; my days are as a hand's breadth, and my life is nothing before thee; but thou art the ſame, and thy years never fail: From everlaſting to everlaſting thou art God,* the incomprehenſible, the immutable divinity. The language of paradiſe, and the ſtrains of celeſtial eloquence, fall ſhort of thy perfections; the firſt born ſons of light loſe themſelves in bliſsful aſtoniſhment in ſearch of thy excellencies; even they with ſilent extaſy adore thee, while thou art veiled with ineffable ſplendor.

The bright, the bleſs'd Divinity is known,
And comprehended by Himſelf alone.

Who can conceive the extent of that power, which out of nothing brought materials for a riſing world, and from a gloomy chaos bid the harmonious univerſe appear?

Confuſion heard the voice, and wild uproar
Stood rul'd; ſtood vaſt infinity confin'd.

At thy word the pillars of the ſky were framed, and its beauteous arches raiſed:— Thy breath kindled the ſtars, adorned the moon with ſilver rays, and gave the ſun its flaming ſplendor. Thou didſt prepare for the waters their capacious bed, and by thy power ſet bounds to the raging billows: By thee the vallies were cloathed in their flowry pride, and the mountains crowned with

groves. In all the wonderful effects of nature, we adore and confeſs thy power; thou uttereſt thy voice in thunder, and doſt ſcatter thy lightnings abroad; thou rideſt on the wings of the wind, the mountains ſmoke, and the foreſts tremble at thy approach; the ſummer and winter, the ſhady night, and the bright revolutions of the day, are thine.

Theſe are thy glorious works, parent of good,
Almighty—thine this univerſal frame:
Thus wond'rous fair: thyſelf how wond'rous
then! Unſpeakable ——

But oh! what muſt thy eſſential majeſty and beauty be, if thou art thus illuſtrious in thy works? if the diſcoveries of thy power and wiſdom are thus delightful, how tranſporting are the manifeſtations of thy goodneſs? From thee every thing that lives receives its breath; and by thee are all upheld in life. Thy providence reaches the leaſt inſect, for thou art good, and thy care extends to all thy works. Thou feedeſt the ravens, and doſt provide the young lions their prey: Thou ſcattereſt thy bleſſings with a liberal hand on the whole creation; man, ungrateful man, largely partakes thy bounty. Thou cauſeſt thy rain to deſcend, and makeſt thy ſun to ſhine on the evil and unthankful; *for thou art good, and thy mercy endureth forever.*

As

As the creator and preſerver of men, thou art glorioufly manifeſt; but oh! how much more glorioufly art thou revealed, as reconciling ungrateful enemies to thyſelf by the blood of thy eternal Son? Here thy beneficence diſplays its brighteſt ſplendor: Here thou doſt fully diſcover thy moſt magnificent titles, The LORD, the LORD GOD, merciful and gracious, long ſuffering, and abundent in goodneſs: *How unſearchable are thy ways, and thy paths paſt finding out!* Infinite depths of love, never to be expreſſed by human language! and yet ſhould man be ſilent, the ſtones themſelves would ſpeak, and the mute creation find a voice to upbraid his ungrateful folly.

XVI. *Longing for the coming of* CHRIST.

COME Lord Jeſus, come quickly; oh! come, leſt my expectations faint, leſt I grow weary, and murmur at thy long delay. I am tired with theſe vanities, and the world grows every day more unentertaining and inſipid; it has now loſt its charms, and finds my heart inſenſible to all its allurements. With coldneſs and contempt I view theſe tranſitory glories, inſpired with nobler proſpects and vaſter expectation by faith. I ſee the promiſed land, and every day brings me

me nearer the poſſeſſion of my heavenly inheritance. Then ſhall I ſee God and live, and face to face behold my triumphant Redeemer,

And in his favor find immortal light,
Ye hours ond days, cut ſhort your tedious flight;
Ye months and years (if ſuch allotted be
In this deteſted barren world for me)
With haſty revolution roll along,
I languiſh with impatience to be gone.

I have nothing here to linger for; my hopes, my reſt, my treaſure and my joys are all above: My ſoul faints for the courts of the Lord, in a dry and thirſty land, where there is no refreſhment.

How long *ſhall I dwell in Meſheck, and ſojourn in the tents of Kedar?* When will the wearifome journey of life be finiſhed?—When ſhall I reach my everlaſting home, and arrive at my celeſtial country? my heart, my wiſhes are already there: I have no engagements to delay my farewel, nothing to detain me here; but wander an unacquainted pilgrim, a ſtranger and delolate, far from my native regions.

My friends are gone before, and are now triumphing in the ſkies, ſecure of the conqueſt, poſſeſt of the rewards of victory.—They ſurvey the field of battle, and look back with pleaſure on the diſtant danger: Death and hell forever vanquiſhed, leave them

them in the poſſeſſion of endleſs tranquility and joy; while I, beſet with a thouſand ſnares, and tired with continual toil, unſteadily maintain the field, till active faith ſteps in, aſſures me of the conqueſt, and ſhows me the immortal crown. 'Tis faith tells me that *light is ſown for the righteous, and gladneſs for the upright in heart*: It aſſures me that *my Redeemer lives, and that he ſhall ſtand the laſt day on the earth; and though after my ſkin worms deſtroy this body, yet in my fleſh ſhall I ſee God; whom I ſhall ſee for myſelf, and not another; and theſe eyes ſhall behold, though my reins be conſumed within me.* Amen, even ſo come Lord Jeſus. This muſt be the language of my ſoul till thou doſt appear, and theſe my impatient breathings after thee.— 'Till I ſee thy ſalvation, my heart and my fleſh will pine for the living God.

Grant me, O Lord, to fulfil as a hireling my day; ſhorten the ſpace, and let it be full of action. 'Tis of ſmall importance how few there are of theſe little circles of days and hours, ſo they are but well filled up with devotion, and with all proper duty.

XVII. *Seeking after an abſent* GOD.

OH! let not the Lord be angry, and I who am but duſt will ſpeak! Why doſt thou withdraw thyſelf, and ſuffer me to

purſue thee in vain? If I am ſurrounded with thy immenſity, why am I thus inſenſible of thee? Why do I not find thee if thou art every where preſent? I ſearch thee in the temple, where thou haſt often met me; there I have ſeen the traces of thy majeſty and beauty; but thoſe ſacred viſions bleſs my ſight no more. I ſearch thee in my ſecret retirements, where I have called upon thy name, and have often heard the whiſpers of thy voice; that celeſtial converſation hath often reached and raptured my ſoul, but I am ſolaced no more with thoſe divine condeſcenſions; I liſten, but I hear thoſe gentle ſounds no more; I pine and languiſh, but thou flieſt me; ſtill I wither in thy abſence, as a drooping plant for the reviving ſun.

O when wilt thou ſcatter this melancholy darkneſs? When ſhall the ſhadows flee before thee? When ſhall the chearful glory of thy grace dawn upon my mind at thy approach? I ſhall revive at thy light; my vital ſpirits will confeſs thy preſence; grief and anxiety will vaniſh before thee, and immortal joys ſurround my ſoul.

Where thou art preſent, heaven and happineſs enſue; hell and damnation fills the breaſt where thou art abſent. While God withdraws I am encompaſſed with darkneſs and deſpair; the ſun and ſtars ſhine with an uncomfortable luſtre, the faces of my friends

grow

grow tireſome; the ſmiles of angels would fail to chear my languiſhing ſpirit. I grow unacquainted with tranquility; peace and joy are empty ſounds to me, and words without a meaning.

Tell me not of glory and pleaſure, there are no ſuch things without my God; while he withdraws, what delight can theſe trifles afford? All that amuſes mankind, are but dreams of happineſs, ſhades and fantaſtic appearances? What compenſation can they make for an infinite good departed? all nature cannot repair my loſs: Heaven and earth would offer their treaſures in vain; not all the kingdoms of this world, nor the thrones of archangels, could give me a recompence for an abſent God.

O where can my grief find redreſs?—whence can I draw ſatisfaction when the fountain of joy ſeals up its ſtreams? My ſorrows are hopeleſs till he returns? without him my night will never ſee a dawn, but extend to everlaſting darkneſs: Content and joy will be eternal ſtrangers to my breaſt. Had I all things within the compaſs of creation to delight me, his frowns would blaſt the whole enjoyment; unreconciled to God, my ſoul would be forever at variance with itſelf.

Even now, while I believe thy glory hid from me but with a tranſient eclipſe, while

I wait for thy return, as for the dawning day, my ſoul ſuffers inexpreſſible agonies at the delay; the minutes ſeem to linger, and days are lengthened into ages: But, Lord, what keener anguiſh ſhould I feel, did I think thy preſence had totally forſaken me, did I imagine thy glory ſhould no more ariſe on my ſoul? My ſpirits fail at the ſuppoſition; I cannot face the dreadful apprehenſions of my God forever gone. Is it not hell in its moſt horrid proſpect? eternal darkneſs, and the undying worm, infinite ruin and irreparable damage? Compared to this, what were all the plagues that earth could threaten, or hell invent? what is diſgrace and poverty, and pain? what is all that mortals fear, real or imaginary evils? they are nothing compared to the terrors which the thought of loſing my God excites.

O thou, who art my boundleſs treaſure, my infinite delight, my all, my ineffable portion, can I part with thee? I may ſee without light, and breathe without air, ſooner than be bleſſed without my God. Happineſs ſeparate from thee were a contradiction, an impoſſibility (if I dare ſpeak it) to omnipotence itſelf. I feel a flame which the moſt glorious creation could not ſatisfy; an emptineſs which nothing but infinite love could fill. I muſt find thee, or weary myſelf in an eternal purſuit. Nothing ſhall

divert

divert me in the endleſs ſearch, no obſtacle ſhall fright me back, no allurement withhold me, nothing ſhall flatter or relieve my impatience; my bliſs, my heaven, my all, depends on the ſucceſs. Show me where thou art, O my God, conduct me into thy preſence, and let thy love confine me there forever.

XVIII. *Appeals to* GOD *concerning the Supremacy of Love to him.*

O GOD, when I ceaſe to love and praiſe thee, let me ceaſe to breathe and live; when I forget thee, let me forget the name of happineſs, and let every pleaſing idea be razed from my memory. When thou art not my ſupreme delight, let all things elſe deceive me; let me grow unacquainted with peace, and ſeek repoſe in vain: let deluſions mock my gayeſt hopes, let my deſires find no ſatisfaction, till they are terminated all in thee. When I forget the ſatisfactions of thy love, O my God, let pleaſure be a ſtranger to my ſoul; when I prefer not that to my chiefeſt joy, let me be inſenſible of all delight; when thy benignity is not dearer to me than life, let that life become my burden and my pain.

Search

Search the inmoſt receſſes of my heart, and if thou findeſt any competitor there, remove the darling vanity, and blot every name but thine from my breaſt. Let me find nothing but emptineſs in the creature, when I forſake the allſufficient Creator: let the ſtreams be cut off when I wander away and abandon the fountain. Let me be deſtitute of aſſiſtance when I ceaſe to rely on thee; let my lips be forever ſilent when they refuſe to acknowledge thy benefits, and make not thee the ſubject of their higheſt praiſe. Let no joyful ſtrain enter at my ears, when thy name is not the moſt delightful ſound they can convey to my heart.

I have been pronouncing heavy curſes on myſelf, if thy love be not my chief bleſſing; yet, O my deareſt good, my portion, and my only felicity, might I not go on farther ſtill, and even venture immortal joys on the ſincerity of my love to thee? Bleſſed Lord, forgive theſe dangerous efforts of a mortal tongue, which are the mere outbreakings of a fervent affection. I could even dare to pledge all my hopes and my pretenſions to future happineſs, (and O let not my heart deceive me) I think I could riſk them all, if thou thyſelf art not the object of my brighteſt hopes, and the light of thy countenance the height of that expected happineſs.

If

If I desire any thing in heaven or on earth in comparison to thee, I am almost ready to say, banish me as an eternal exile from the light of paradise: Even that paradise would be melancholy darkness without thee, and the obscurest corner of the creation, bless'd with thy presence, would be more agreeable. Oh! where could I be happy remote from thee? what imaginable good could supply thy absence? Say, O my God, do I not love thee?

Shall I call the holy angels to witness? shall I call heaven and earth to witness? will not the most high God himself, the possessor of heaven and earth, condescend to witness the ardor and sincerity of my love?

With what pleasure do I reflect on the obligations by which I have devoted myself to thee? My soul collects itself, and with an entire assent gives up all its powers to thee: I would bind myself to thee beyond all the ties that mortals know. You ministers of light, give me your flames, and teach me your celestial forms; let all be noble and pathetic, and solemn as your own immortal vows, and I will joyfully go thro' them all to bind myself to my God forever. Say, now, ye heavens and earth, say, ye holy angels, and O thou all-knowing God, say, do I not love thee?

XIX. *A devout Rapture, or Love to* GOD *inexpreſſible.*

THOU radiant ſun, thou moon, and all ye ſparkling ſtars, how gladly would I leave your pleaſant light to ſee the face of God? Ye cryſtal ſtreams, ye groves and flowry lawns, my innocent delights, how joyfully could I leave you to meet that bliſsful proſpect? and you delightful faces of my friends, I would this moment quit you all to ſee him whom my ſoul loves; ſo loves, that I can find no words to expreſs the unutterable ardor: Not as the miſer loves his wealth, nor the ambitious his grandeur; not as the libertine loves his pleaſures, or the generous man his friend: Theſe are flat ſimilitudes to deſcribe ſuch an intenſe paſſion as mine. Not as a man ſcorched in a fever, longs for a cooling draught; not as a weary traveller wiſhes for ſoft repoſe; my reſtleſs deſires admit of no equal compariſon from theſe.

I love my friend; my vital breath and the light of heaven are dear to me: But ſhould I ſay, I love my God as I love theſe, I ſhould belie the ſacred flame which aſpires to infinity. 'Tis thee, abſtractly thee, O uncreated beauty, that I love; in thee, my wiſhes all are terminated; in thee, as in their bliſsful centre, all my deſires meet, and there

there they muſt be eternally fixed: 'tis thou alone that muſt conſtitute my everlaſting happineſs. Were the harps of angels ſilent, there would be harmony for me in the whiſpers of thy love: Were the fields of light darkened, thy ſmiles would bleſs me with everlaſting day; the viſion of thy face will attract my eyes, nor give me leiſure to waſte a look on other objects to all eternity any farther than God is to be ſeen in his creatures. All their beams of grace, and joy, and glory, are derived from thee the eternal ſun, and will merit my attention no farther than they reflect thy image, or diſcover thy excellencies.

Even at this diſtance, encompaſſed with the ſhades of death, and the miſts of darkneſs, in theſe cold melancholy regions, when a ray of thy love breaks in on my ſoul, when through the clouds I can trace but one feeble beam, even that obſcures all human glory, and gives me a contempt for whatever mortality can boaſt. What wonders then will the open viſion of thy face effect, when I ſhall enjoy it in ſo ſublime a degree, that the magnificence of the ſkies will not draw my regard, nor the converſe of angels divert my thoughts from thee? Thou wilt engroſs my everlaſting attention, and I ſhould abound in felicity if I had nothing to entertain me but immediate communion with the infinite divinity. O Mend

Mend thy pace, old lazy time, and ſhake thy heavy ſands; make ſhorter circles, ye rolling planets; when will your deſtined courſes be fulfilled? Thou reſtleſs ſun, how long wilt thou travel the celeſtial road? when will thy ſtarry walk be finiſhed? when will the commiſſioned angel arreſt thee in thy progreſs, and lifting up his hand, ſwear by the unutterable name, *that time ſhall be no more.* O happy period! my impatient ſoul ſprings forward to ſalute thee, and leaves the lagging days, and months and years far behind. *Make haſte, my beloved, and be like a roe, or a young hart on the ſpicy mountains.*

I pine, I die for a ſight of thy countenance; oh! turn the veil aſide, blow away the ſeparating cloud; pull out the pins of this tabernacle; break the cords, and let fall the curtain of mortality. Oh! let it interpoſe no longer between me and my perfect bliſs. I feel thoſe flames of divine love, which are unextinguiſhable as the lights of heaven, not death itſelf ſhall quench the ſacred ardor.

Ye miniſters of light, ye guardians of the juſt, ſtand and witneſs to my vows; and in a humble dependance on thy grace, O *Jeſus*, may I not venture to bid theſe thy flaming miniſters proteſt againſt me when I change my love, and ſtand my accuſers at the laſt judgment;

judgment; When I prove falſe to thee, may I not venture to ſay to them all, bring in your awful evidence, and proclaim my perjury.

For you have liſten'd, while the ſacred name
That kindles in each heavenly breaſt a flame,
You liſten'd while it melted on my tongue,
Flow'd from my lips, and grac'd the midnight ſong.
Bleſſed was the time, and ſwiftly fled the hours,
While holy love employed my nobleſt powers:
The heavens appear'd, and the propitious ſkies
Unveil'd their inmoſt glories to my eyes.
Oh! ſtay, I cry'd, ye happy moments ſtay,
Nor in your flight ſnatch theſe delights away:
I aſk no more the riſing ſun to view,
To mortals and their hopes I bid adieu.

Theſe heavens and this earth have been witneſſes to my vows: the holy angels have been witneſſes, and all will join together to condemn me when I violate my faith.—Strengthen and confirm it, O my Saviour, and make the bonds of it immortal.

If I were only to reaſon upon this ſubject, I might ſay, what motive could earth, what could hell, what could heaven itſelf propoſe to tempt my ſoul to change its love? What could they lay in the balance againſt an infinite good? what could be thrown in as a ſtake againſt the favor of GOD? Aſk the happy ſouls who know

what

what the light of his countenance imports, who drink in joy and immortality from his ſmiles, aſk them what value they ſet on their enjoyments; aſk them what in heaven or earth ſhould purchaſe one moments interval of their bliſs? aſk ſome radiant ſeraph, amidſt the fervency of his raptures, at what price he values his happineſs? and when theſe have named the purchaſe, earth and hell may try to balance mine. Let them ſpread the baits that tempt deluded men to ruin; let riches, honor, beauty, and bewitching pleaſure appear in all their charms, the ſenſuality of the preſent and paſt ages, the *Perſian* delicacy, and the *Roman* pride; let them uncover the golden mines, and diſcloſe the ruby ſparkling in its bed; let them open the veins of ſapphire, and ſhow the diamond glittering on its rock; let them all be thrown into the balance; alas! their weight is too little and too light. —Let the pageantries of ſtate be added, imperial titles, and the enſigns of majeſty; put in all that boundleſs vanity imagines, or wild ambition craves, crowns and ſceptres, regal veſtments and golden thrones—the ſcale ſtill mounts—throw in the world entire—'tis unſubſtantial and light as airy vanity.

Are theſe thy higheſt boaſts, O deluding world?—ye miniſters of darkneſs have you nothing

nothing elſe to offer? Are theſe your utmoſt propoſals? are theſe a compenſation for the FAVOR *of* GOD? Alas! that boundleſs word has a meaning which outweighs them all: infinite delight, unconceivable joy are expreſſed in it; the light of his countenance ſignifies more than angels can deſcribe, or mortality imagine: and ſhall I quit all that an everlaſting heaven means, for empty ſhadows?

Go, ye baffled tempters, go offer your toys to madmen and fools; they all vaniſh under my ſcorn, and cannot yield ſo much as an amuſement to my aſpiring thoughts. The ſun, in all his ſpacious circuit, beholds nothing to tempt my wiſhes. Theſe winding ſkies in all their ample round, contain nothing equal to my deſires; my ambition has far different ends, and other proſpects in view; nothing below the joys of angels can ſatisfy me.

Let me explore the worlds of life and beauty, and find a path to the dazzling receſſes of the Moſt High: Let me drink at the fountain-head of pleaſure, and derive all that I want from original and uncreated fulneſs and felicity.

Oh divine love! let me launch out into thy pleaſurable depths, and be ſwallowed up of thee: Let me plunge at once in immortal joy, and loſe myſelf in the infinite ocean of happineſs.

Till then I pine for my celeſtial country: till then I murmur to the winds and ſtreams, and tell the ſolitary ſhades my grief. The groves are conſcious to my complaints, and the moon and ſtars liſten to my ſighs; by their ſilent lights I talk over my heavenly concerns, and give a vent to my divine affections in mortal language; then looking upward, I grow impatient to reach the milky way, the ſeats of joy and immortality.

Come love, come life, and that bleſs'd day
For which I languiſh, come away;
When this dry ſoul, theſe eyes ſhall ſee,
And drink the unſeal'd ſource of thee.

Oh come, I cry, thou whom my ſoul loveth: I would go on, but want expreſſion, and vainly ſtruggle with the unutterable thought.

Tell me, ye ſons of light, who feel the force of theſe celeſtial fires, in what language you paint their ſacred violence? or do the tongues of ſeraphs faulter? Does the language of paradiſe want emphaſis here, and immortal eloquence fail? Surely your happineſs is more perfect than all your deſcriptions of it: heaven echoes to your charming notes as far as they reach, while divine love, which is all your ſong, is infinite, and knows no limits of degree or duration.

Yet I would ſay, ſome gentle ſpirit come and inſtruct me in your art; lend me a gol-

den

den harp, and guide the ſacred flight; let me imitate your devout ſtrains, let me copy out your harmony, and then,

Some of the faireſt choir above
Shall flock around my ſong,
With joy to hear the name they love
Sound from a mortal tongue.

Bleſſed and immortal creatures, I long to join with you in your celeſtial ſtyle of adoration and love, I long to learn your extaſies of worſhip and joy in a language which mortals cannot pronounce, and to ſpeak the divine paſſion of my ſoul in words which are now unſpeakable.

XX. *Self-reproof for Inactivity.*

IS it poſſible that I ſhould one day be rapt almoſt into the third heavens, and e'er a few weeks have paſſed over me, I ſhould find myſelf creeping among the inſects of the earth, and almoſt as meanly buſied as they? Can divine love, which exalted me lately into flaming tranſports, ſo far ſubſide and grow cool within me? Can it leave me ſo unactive as I now feel myſelf? What ſhall I do to ſhame my conſcience with reproaches, and renew the flame of religious zeal and vigor.

Alas!

Alas! how does the activity of men about the little affairs of human life condemn my negligence in matters of everlasting conſequence? Does the fond lover with ſuch anxiety and impatience purſue the object of his wiſhes; and ſhall not divine beauty and infinite lovelineſs enflame my deſires to a nobler height, and excite my languiſhing devotion?

Are the ambitious ſo reſtleſs and ſolicitous to make themſelves great, and to purchaſe the veneration of fools? Do they lay ſuch mighty projects, and compaſs their deſigns with ſuch pains and difficulty, for mere pageantry, and gaudy trifles; and ſhall I, who am a candidate for heaven, a probationer for celeſtial dignity, loſe my title for want of diligence? ſhall I faint in the noble ſtrife, when God and angels are ready to aſſiſt me, and every moment's toil will be recompenſed with eternal ages of reſt and triumph?

See, ſee the moments fly—the labor ſhortens, and the immenſe reward draws near; the palm of victory, the ſtarry crown are in view; the happy realms and fields of light entertain me with their glorious proſpect. Rouze thee, my ſoul, to the moſt active purſuit of theſe felicities: Waken all thy ſprightly powers, and let it never, never be thy reproach, that the vigor and intenſeneſs of thy labors fall ſhort of the pretenſions of

thy

thy deſire; or that thy holy induſtry ſhould ſink ſo far below the fervor of thoſe affections, which, in a devout hour, thou haſt pronounced *inexpreſſible.*

O Lord, what a mutable thing is man! what frailty works in this fleſh and blood, and hangs heavy upon our better powers? It is grace, divine grace alone, can keep alive that immortal ſpark within us, which came firſt from heaven, and firſt taught our hearts to ariſe and ſpring upward. Preſerve and complete thy own work, almighty grace.

XXI. *A joyful view of approaching Death.*

O DEATH, where is thy ſting? where is thy boaſted victory? The conqueſt is mine: I ſhall paſs in triumph through thy dark dominions, and through the grace of the Son of God, my divine leader, I ſhall appear there not a captive but a conqueror.

O King of terrors, where are thy formidable looks? I can ſee nothing dreadful in thy aſpect? Thou appeareſt with no tokens of defiance, nor doſt thou come with ſummons from a ſevere judge, but gentle invitations from my bleſſed Redeemer, who has paſſed gloriouſly through thy territories, in his way to his throne.

Thrice

See the dying saint.

Thrice welcome, thou kind meſſenger of my liberty and happineſs! a thouſand times more welcome than jubilee to the wretched ſlave, than pardon to a condemned malefactor: I am going from darkneſs and confinement to immenſe light and perfect liberty: from theſe tempeſtuous regions, to the ſoft and peaceful climes above; from pain and grief, to everlaſting eaſe and tranquility. For the toils of virtue, I ſhall immediately receive its vaſt rewards; for the reproach of fools, the honor and applauſe of angels. In a few minutes I ſhall be higher than yonder ſtars, and brighter far than they. I ſhall range the boundleſs æther, and breathe the balmy airs of paradiſe. I ſhall preſently behold my glorious Maker, and ſing hallelujahs to my exalted Saviour.

And now come, ye bright guardians of the juſt, conduct me through the unknown and trackleſs æther, for you paſs and repaſs the celeſtial road continually; you have commiſſion not to leave me till I arrive at *Mount Sion*, the heavenly *Jeruſalem*, the city of the living God; till I come to the innumerable company of angels, and the ſpirits of juſt men made perfect.

Hold out, faith and patience; it is but a little while and your work will be at an end; but a few moments, and theſe ſighs and groans ſhall be converted into everlaſting halle-

hallelujahs; but a few weary ſteps, and the journey of life will be finiſhed. One effort more, and I ſhall have gained the top of the everlaſting hills, and from yonder bright ſummit ſhall preſently look back on the dangers I have eſcaped in my travels through the wilderneſs.

Roll faſter on, ye lingering minutes; the nearer my joys, the more impatient I am to ſeize them: After theſe painful agonies, how greedily ſhall I drink in immortal eaſe and pleaſure? Break away, ye thick clouds, be gone, ye envious ſhades, and let me behold the glories ye conceal—let me ſee the promiſed land, and ſurvey the happy regions I am immediately to poſſeſs. How long will you interpoſe between me and my bright ſun—between me and the unclouded face of God? Look up, my ſoul, ſee how ſweetly thoſe reviving beams break forth; how they diſpel the gloom, and gild the ſhades of death.

O bleſſed eternity—with what a cheerful ſplendor doſt thou dawn on my ſoul! With thee comes liberty, and peace, and love, and endleſs felicity; but pain, and ſorrow, and tumult, and death, and darkneſs vaniſh before thee forever. I am juſt upon the ſhores of thoſe happy realms where uninterrupted day and eternal ſpring reſide: Yonder are the delectable hills, and harmonious vales,

which

which continually echo to the ſongs of angels. There the bliſsful fields extend their verdure, and there the immortal groves aſcend; but how dazzling is thy proſpect, O city of God, of whom ſuch glorious things are ſpoken? In thee *there ſhall be no more night, nor need of the ſun or moon*; for the throne of God, and of the Lamb, is in the midſt of thee; *and the nations that are ſaved ſhall walk in thy light, and the kings of the earth ſhall bring their glory and honor into thee, and there the glorious Lord ſhall be to us a place of defence, a place of ſtreams and broad rivers*, and the voice of joy, and the ſhout of triumph ſhall be heard in thee forever.

There holy ſouls perpetual ſabbaths keep,
And never are concern'd for food or ſleep:
There new-come ſaints with wreaths of light are crown'd,
While ivory harps and ſilver trumpets ſound:
There flaming ſeraphs ſacred hymns begin,
And raptur'd cherubs loud reſponſes ſing.

My eyes ſhall there behold the King in his beauty; and oh! how raviſhing will the aſpects of his love be? What unutterable extaſies ſhall I feel, when I meet thoſe ſmiles which enlighten heaven, and exhilerate all the celeſtial regions! When I ſhall view the beatific glory without one interpoſing cloud to eternity! When I ſhall drink my fill at the

the fountains of joy, and in thoſe rivers of pleaſure that flow from his right hand.

XXII. *A devout reſignation of Self to the divine Power and Goodneſs.*

MY all-ſufficient friend, *my ſhield, and my exceeding great reward!*—I have enough—unbounded avarice can covet nothing beyond thee; the ſoul whom thou doſt not ſuffice, deſerves to be eternally poor.—Thou art my ſupreme happineſs, my voluntary choice: I took thy love alone for my treaſure in that bleſſed day when I entered into covenant with thee, and became thine: I made no articles with thee for the friendſhips, the honors and pleaſures of the world, but ſolemnly renounced them all, and choſe thy favor for my ſingle inheritance, leaving the conduct of my life entirely to thee.

Theſe were my vows, and theſe I have often renewed; and ſhall I now retract ſuch ſacred obligations, and alter a choice ſo juſt and reaſonable? Forbid it, gracious God! let me never be guilty of ſuch madneſs.—The world has often diſappointed my moſt confident expectations, but thou haſt never deceived me. In all my diſtreſs I have found thee a certain refuge, *my ſhield, my fortreſs, my high tower, my deliverer, my rock,*

and he in whom I truſt. When there was none to ſave me, thy powerful hand has ſet me free; thou haſt redreſſed my grievances, and diſſipated my fears; thou haſt brought me light out of obſcurity, and turned my darkneſs into day.

When the world could afford me nothing but tempeſt and diſorder, with thee I have found repoſe and undiſturb'd tranquility.—Thou haſt been my long-experienced refuge, my unfailing confidence, and I ſtedfaſtly depend on thee for my future conduct. I cannot err, when guided by infinite wiſdom: I muſt be ſafe in the arms of eternal love, to which I humbly reſign myſelf. Let me have riches or poverty, honor or contempt; whatever comes from thy hands ſhall be thankfully received. I would hear no voice but thine, nor make a ſtep but where I am following thee.

If thou wouldeſt leave me to chuſe for myſelf, I would reſign the choice again to thee—I dread nothing more than the guidance of my own blind deſires; I tremble at the thought of ſuch a fatal liberty—avert, gracious God, that miſerable freedom.—Thou foreſeeſt all events, and at one ſingle view doſt look thro' eternal conſequences; therefore do thou determine my circumſtances, not to gratify my own wild deſires, but to advance thy glory.

Thou

Thou haſt an unqueſtioned right to diſpoſe of me; I am thine by neceſſary ties and voluntary engagements, which I thankfully acknowledge and ſolemnly renew;—deliberately and entirely I put myſelf into thy hands. Whatever intereſt I have in this world, I ſacrifice to thee, and leave my deareſt enjoyments to thy diſpoſal, acknowledging it my deareſt happineſs to be guided by thee.

Lord, what is man, that thou art mindful of him?—that thou who art ſupremely bleſſed, and independantly happy, ſhouldſt concern thyſelf with human affairs, and condeſcend to make our wants as much thy care as if mortal miſeries could reach thee, and interrupt immortal bleſſedneſs.——Thou wouldeſt make us ſenſible of thine indulgence by the moſt tender ſimilitudes: A father's gentle care but faintly ſhadows thine, and all we can conceive of human pity, falls ſhort of thy compaſſion. Thou doſt ſeem to ſhare in our calamities, and ſympathize in all our grief. No friend flies to our aſſiſtance with half the ſpeed that love brings thee, nor canſt thou ever want methods to relieve thoſe that confide in thee.

Thy providence finds or makes its way through all oppoſitions: The ſtreams ſhall roll back to their fountains, the ſun ſhall ſtand ſtill, and the courſe of nature be reverſed,

verſed, rather than thou want means to bring thy purpoſes to paſs. No obſtacle puts a ſtand to thy deſigns, nor obſtructs thy methods: 'Tis thy will that makes nature and neceſſity: Who can ſtay thy hand, or ſay unto thee, *What doſt thou?* Thy counſel ſhall ſtand, and thou wilt do all thy pleaſure. Nothing is impoſſible for thee to accompliſh. Wherever I caſt my eyes, I ſee inſtances of thy power. The extended firmament, the ſun and ſtars, tell me what thou art able to perform; they atteſt thy omnipotence, and rebuke my unbelief. The whole creation pleads for thee, and condemns my infidelity.

Almighty God, forgive my diffidence, while I confeſs 'tis moſt inexcuſable. Thy hand is not ſhortened, nor are the ſprings of thy bounty ſealed; thy antient miracles have not exhauſted thy ſtrength, nor hath perpetual beneficence impoveriſhed thee; thy power remains undiminiſhed, and thy mercy endureth forever. That dazzling attribute ſurrounds me with tranſporting glories. Which way ſoever I turn, I meet the bright conviction; I cannot recal a day of my paſt life, on which ſome ſignature of thy goodneſs is not ſtamped.

O! who hath taſted of thy clemency
In greater meaſure, or more oft than I?
Which way ſoe'er I turn my face or feet,
I ſee thy mercy and thy glory meet.

In

In whatever thou haſt granted, or whatever thou haſt denied me, thy beneficence has been mingled with every diſpenſation; thou haſt not taken the advantage of my follies, nor been ſevere to my ſins; but haſt remembered my frame, and treated me with the utmoſt indulgence, Glory be to thy name for ever.

XXIII. *Redeeming Love.*

ALMIGHTY love, the theme of every heavenly ſong! Infinite grace, the wonder of angels! forgive a mortal tongue that attempts thy praiſe; and yet ſhould man be ſilent, the mute creation would find a voice to upbraid him.

But oh! in what language ſhall I ſpeak? with what circumſtance ſhall I begin? Shall I roll back the volumes of eternity, and begin with the glorious deſign that determined man's redemption before the birth of time, before the confines of creation were fixed:

Infinite years before the day,
Or heavens began to roll?

Shall I ſpeak in general of all the nations of the redeemed? or, to excite my own gratitude, ſhall I conſider myſelf, my worthleſs ſelf, included by an eternal decree among

the number of thoſe who ſhould hear of a Redeemer's name, and be marked out a partaker of that immenſe privilege? Before the foundation of the hills were laid, the gracious deſign was formed, and the bleſſed plan of it ſchemed out before the curtains of the ſky were ſpread.

Lord! what is man? what am I? what is all the human race, to be thus regarded? O narrow thoughts, and narrower words! here confeſs your defects; theſe are heights not to be reached by you. Adorable meaſures of infinite clemency!—unſearchable riches of grace!—with what aſtoniſhment do I ſurvey you!—I am ſwallowed and loſt in the glorious immenſity.——All hail, ye divine myſteries, ye glorious paths of the unſearchable deity! let me adore, though I can never expreſs you.

Yet ſhould I be ſilent, heaven and earth, nay hell itſelf would reproach me:—The damn'd themſelves would call me ungrateful ſhould I fail to celebrate that grace whoſe loſs they are forever lamenting; a loſs that leaves them forever deſperate and undone. 'Tis this grace which tunes the harps of heaven, and yields them an immortal ſubject of harmony and praiſe. The ſpirits of juſt men made perfect fix their contemplations here; they adore the glorious myſtery, and while they ſing the wonders of redeeming love, they

aſcribe

aſcribe ſublime and living honors to him who ſits on the throne, and to the Lamb for ever. And infinitely worthy art thou, O Lord, to receive the grateful homage— Who ſhall not praiſe and magnify thy name? Who ſhall deny the tribute of thy glory?

But alas! what can mortal man add to thee? What can nothing and vanity give? We murmur from the duſt, and attempt thy praiſe from the depths of miſery; yet thou doſt condeſcend to hear and liſten to our broken accents; amidſt the *hallelujahs* of angels, our groans aſcend to thee, our complaints reach thee. From the height of thy happineſs, and from the exaltations of eternal glory, thou haſt a regard to man, poor, wretched man! Thou receiveſt his homage with delight; his praiſes mingle with the harmony of angels, nor interrupt the ſacred concord. Thoſe natives of heaven, thoſe morning ſtars ſing together in their heavenly beatitudes, nor diſdain to let the ſons of earth and mortality join with them in celebrating the honors of Jeſus, their Lord and ours:— To him be every tongue devoted, and let every creature for ever praiſe him. *Amen.*

XXIV. *Pleading for Pardon and Holineſs.*

IMMORTAL ſpring of life, the fountain of all exiſtence, the firſt and laſt, *without beginning*

beginning of days, or end of years; before the heavens were created, thou waſt, and ſhall remain unchanged while they wax old and decay. Thou art infinitely bleſſed in thyſelf, thy glory admits of no addition; the praiſes of angels cannot heighten thy happineſs, nor the blaſphemies of hell diminiſh it. Thou canſt do every thing, and thy power finds no obſtacle. *Thou madeſt heaven and earth, the ſea and the fountains of water; thou doſt according to thy will in the armies of heaven, and among the inhabitants of the earth; thou holdeſt the waters in the hollow of thy hand, and meaſureſt out the heavens with a ſpan: Thou comprehendeſt the duſt of the earth in a meaſure, and weigheſt the mountains in ſcales, and the hills in a balance: Thou covereſt thyſelf with light, as with a garment,* and art ſurrounded with inacceſſible ſplendor: *Thou art glorious in holineſs, fearful in praiſes; the heavens are not clean in thy ſight; but thou chargeſt thine angels with folly: What then is man, that drinks in iniquity like water? What is man that thou art mindful of him; or the ſon of man, that thou doſt thus viſit him?* It is becauſe thou art good, and thy mercy endureth forever; mercy is thy prevailing attribute. Thou art compaſſionate, and infinitely gracious, and haſt fully manifeſted thy love and beneficence to the race of man in the glorious methods of our redemption from

from everlaſting bondage and death by thy ſon Jeſus.

Therefore, with the loweſt reverence, and moſt humble gratitude, I deſire to proſtrate myſelf before thee, acknowledging it my greateſt honor, and undeſerved privilege, to approach the Lord, and bow myſelf before the high God; I that am unworthy to utter thy tremendous name, or once to lift up my eyes to heaven. To my own confuſion, I here confeſs I have abuſed the mercy which I now implore, and injured that goodneſs and forbearance by my ſins which I am now addreſſing myſelf to. I have forfeited the very benefits I aſk, and deſpiſe thoſe ſacred privileges which I am forced to plead:—I can uſe ſcarce any motive but what would carry in it my own condemnation. Shall I implore thy mercy by the gracious terms of the new covenant ſealed by the blood of thy eternal Son? alas! that gracious covenant I have violated, and profaned its ſacred ſeals. I have ſinned againſt the cleareſt light, and the tendereſt inſtances of love: I have not only broken my obligations to thee as my Creator, but the ſtronger engagements of thy adoption, even the glorious privilege of being admitted into thy family, and numbered among the children of God.

But ſtill thoſe very circumſtances that aggravate my guilt, exalt thy mercy; here the freeneſs

freeneſs and magnificence of thy grace will diſplay itſelf; here thou wilt anſwer the indulgent title of a father in its tendereſt extent; I have no ſins too great for infinite clemency to pardon. Thou art God, and not man; and as the heavens are high above the earth, ſo high are thy ways of compaſſion above all human methods.

I dare not ſet bounds to thy goodneſs, nor affirm that *thus far, and no farther*, divine patience extends. Thou haſt pardoned and reſtored me to thy favor too often for me now to deſpair: My penitent ſighs were never rejected, nor my humble requeſt unanſwered: I have always found the heavens open, and the throne of God acceſſible, through the blood of a Redeemer. By his agony and bloody ſweat, by his croſs and paſſion, by his painful death and glorious reſurrection, I implore thy pardon:— He has made a full atonement, and divine juſtice will demand no further ſatisfaction. *To him give all the prophets witneſs, that through his name, whoſoever believeth in him, ſhall receive remiſſion of ſins.*

O bleſſed *Jeſus!* the hope of the *Gentiles*, the ſalvation of the ends of the earth; the great *Meſſiah*, the promiſed Saviour, who doſt anſwer thoſe glorious titles in their utmoſt ſignification; to thee, my certain, my experienced refuge, I fly: O Son of God, hear

hear me: O Lamb of God, who takeſt away the ſins of the world, have mercy on me.

O eternal Spirit, the promiſed comforter, come with all thy ſacred conſolations! come, and be as dew to the drooping flowers, as rain to the parched ground; oh, come with thy reviving light, and diſpel the darkneſs that beclouds my ſoul: Break in like the ſun after a melancholy night; one beam of thine would melt this frozen, this obdurate heart, and kindle in my ſoul the ſpark of holy love; breathe upon my cold affections, and raiſe them to a ſacred flame.

Searcher of hearts, from whom nothing is concealed, whoſe penetrating eyes find out hypocriſy in its darkeſt diſguiſe; thou knoweſt the deſires of my ſoul, and art my impartial witneſs that I kneel not here for the riches and honors of the world; that I am not proſtrate before thee for length of days or pleaſure; but that it is the kingdom of God, and the righteouſneſs thereof, that I ſeek. Give me not my portion with the rich and great, but let me have my humble lot with thy children; let me bear contempt and deriſion, and ſuffer reproach with the people of God, rather than enjoy the pleaſures of ſin, which are but for a ſeaſon.

Thy favor is the end of all my wiſhes,

the

the conſtant ſubject of my prayer. Oh! thou whoſe ears are open to the wants of all thy creatures, who heareſt the young ravens when they cry from their neſts to thee, who giveſt the men of the world the tranſitory things they chuſe, wilt thou deny the deſires which thou thyſelf doſt inſpire and approve? O let me be filled with that righteouſneſs which I hunger and thirſt after, and be ſatisfied with thy likeneſs. Thou canſt not be diminiſhed, whatever perfection thou doſt communicate to the creature—endleſs liberality could not make thee poor.

I aſk not privileges above the capacity of my nature, nor aſpire to the perfections of angels: I only beg that I may reach thoſe heights of holineſs and divine love, which ſouls inveſted with a mortal body like mine, and encumbered with the ſame human paſſions, have attained. But in vain I ſtrive to imitate thoſe bright examples thou haſt ſet before me; without thy aſſiſtance, all my endeavors will prove ſucceſsleſs.——Thou knoweſt the frailty of my nature, and the mighty difficulties I have to encounter:—I have not only the allurements of the world, but all the ſtratagems of hell to engage with, and a treacherous heart within, ready on all occaſions to betray me into ſin and endleſs perdition: O let my impotence and danger awaken thy compaſſion.

Remem-

Remember thy former benignity, O Lord, and let that engage thee to grant me new ſupplies of that grace by which alone I ſhall prove victorious. Thy bounty to any of the works of thy hands muſt always flow from the goodneſs of thy own nature: for what creature can pretend to merit any thing from thee? I would urge nothing but thy own infinite mercy, when I entreat thee not to let me periſh, after the wonderful things thou haſt done for my ſoul; after all the pledges thou haſt given me of thy love, let not my follies provoke thee to forſake me; but remember thy covenant, and its gracious articles, and act according to thy own ineffable benignity, which has been the glorious motive of every favor I have received from thee.

XXV. *A Tranſport of Gratitude for ſaving Mercy.*

I BLESS a thouſand times the happy day when firſt a beam of heavenly light broke in on my ſoul, when the day-ſtar from on high viſited me, and the celeſtial light began to dawn. I welcomed its chearful luſtre, and felt the ſacred influence; the flames of holy love awoke, and holy joys were kindled.

The earth and all its pageantry diſappeared like clouds before the morning ſun: The ſcenes of paradiſe were opened, ſeraphic pleaſures and unutterable delights: All hail, I cry'd, you unknown joys, you unexperienced pleaſures! compared to you, what is all I have reliſhed till now? What is earthly beauty and harmony—what is all that mortals call charming and attractive? I never lived till now—I knew no more than the name of happineſs till now: I have been in a dream during all the days of my folly and vanity; but now I awake to the life of heaven-born ſpirits, and taſte the joys of angels.

XXVI. *Importunate Requeſts for the Return of God to the Soul.*

THOU great and glorious, thou inviſible and univerſal being, art thou no nearer to be approached—or do I ſearch thee amiſs? Is there a corner of creation unviſited by thee, or any place exempt from thy preſence? I trace thy footſteps through heaven and earth, but I cannot overtake thee.

Why do I ſeek thee, if thou art not here?
Or find thee not, if thou art every where?

Tell me, O my God, and my all, tell me where thou art to be found; for there is the place

place of my reſt. What imaginable good can ſupply thy abſence? Deprived of thee, all that the world could offer would be like a jeſt to a dying man, and provoke my averſion and diſdain. It is a God that I ſeek:

My wiſhes ſtoop not to a lower aim;
Thou, thou haſt kindled this immortal flame,
Which nothing can allay.

Adieu, adieu to all human things! Let me find my God, the end of all my wiſhes. Why doſt thou keep back the face of thy throne? Why does the cloud and ſacred darkneſs conceal thee?

Thy voice produc'd the ſeas and ſpheres,
Bid the waves roll, and planets ſhine;
But nothing like thyſelf appears,
Thro' all theſe various works of thine.

O thou fairer than all the works of thy hands, wilt thou ever hide thyſelf from a creature that loves and ſeeks thee with ſo intenſe a deſire? I appeal to thee, O Lord, are not my breathings after thee moſt hearty and unfeigned? Does not my ſoul pant after thee with a fervor which cannot be extinguiſhed, and a ſincerity which cannot be diſguiſed?

For thee I pine, and am for thee undone:
As drooping flow'rs that want their parent ſun.

How do my ſpirits languiſh for thee!—No ſimilitudes can expreſs the vehemence of my deſires. Wealth and glory, friends and

pleaſure

pleaſure loſe their names, compared to thee. To follow thee I would leave them all behind—I would leave the whole creation, and bid the fields and ſparkling ſkies adieu. Let the heavens and earth be no more, while thou endureſt forever, I can want no ſupport. My being itſelf, with all its bleſſedneſs, depends entirely on thee.

Place me far from the bounds of all creation, remote from all exiſtence but thy own; in that ineffable ſolitude let me be loſt, let me expatiate thee forever, let me run the endleſs rounds of bliſs;—but alas! I flatter myſelf in vain with ſcenes of unattainable happineſs. I will ſearch thee then, where I hope thou mayeſt be found. I caſt my eyes to the bright regions above, and almoſt envy the happy beings that ſee thy face unveiled. I ſearch thee in the flowery meadows, and liſten for thee among the murmuring ſprings: Then, ſilent and abſtracted from human things, I ſearch thee in holy contemplation. It is all in vain—nor fields, nor floods, nor clouds, nor ſtars, reveal thee.

Ye happy ſpirits, that meet his ſmiles, and hear his voice, direct a mournful wanderer while I ſeek him whom my ſoul loves, while I ſigh and complain, and caſt my languiſhing eyes to yonder happy manſions; fain would I penetrate the ſtarry pavillions, and look

look through the ſeparating firmament:—Oh! that thou wouldeſt divide the clouds, that thou wouldeſt rend the heavens, and give me one glimpſe of thy glory!—that thou wouldeſt diſplay thy beauty, and in the midſt of theſe earthly ſcenes of amuſing vanity, give me one moment's interval of celeſtial bleſſedneſs.

One look of mercy from thy eye,
One whiſper of thy voice,
Exceed a whole eternity
Employ'd in carnal joys.
Could I the ſpacious earth command,
Or the more boundleſs ſea,
For one dear hour at thy right hand
I'd give them both away.

If things are put into juſt balances, and computed aright, for the firſt moment of this ſatisfaction I am ready to ſay, the whole creation would be cheaply loſt. How gladly would I reſign all for ſuch a bliſs. Adieu to human things; let me find my God, the end of all my wiſhes—It is he whom I ſeek, it is he alone can ſatisfy my infinite deſires. Oh! why doſt thou withdraw—why thus long conceal thyſelf? Where doſt thou retire? Nor earth nor heaven reply to my repeated calls.

Let me invoke thee by every gracious title, my God, and the God of my fathers: From one generation to another thou haſt

been our dwelling-place; the claim has descended from age to age; thy covenant has been eſtabliſhed with us, and thy faithfulneſs remains unblemiſhed. Oh! forget not thy covenant, forget not the bleſſings entailed on me; forget not the prayers and tears by which my pious anceſtors have engaged thy mercy for me, forget not their vows and ſolemn dedications of me to thee: Oh! recal thy ancient favors and renew thy former mercy to a family which has been thine in a ſucceſſion of ages.

Let me invoke thee now by a nearer propriety: My covenant God, my father, and my friend! if by all thoſe tender names I have ever known thee, forget me not. By thoſe ſacred engagements, O Lord, I intreat thy return. If all thy paſt favors were real, if all was waking bliſs, and not a gay deluſion, O reſtore my heaven again. Life of my ſoul, light of my eyes, return; come and bring all thy ſacred conſolations; once again let me experience thoſe holy joys that thy preſence imparts; once again let me hear thy voice; and once again be bleſs'd with thy ſmiles.

Oh! hear, and to my longing eyes
Reſtore thy wonted light;
And ſuddenly; or I ſhall ſleep
In everlaſting night.

Bleſſed Saviour, in thee we behold the face

face of God as a reconciled father; and doſt thou withdraw thyſelf? O how welcome will thy returns be? How like the breakings of immortal day will thy preſence chear me? How dearly ſhall I prize my happineſs? How fearful ſhall I be of every thing that would offend thee? How joyful in the bleſſed diſcovery and poſſeſſion of thy love? I'd whiſper my bliſs to the liſtening ſtreams and groves.

I'd carve our paſſion on the bark,
And every wounded tree
Shall drop and bear ſome myſtic mark
That Jeſus *dy'd for me.*
The ſwains ſhall wonder when they read
Inſcrib'd on all the grove,
That heaven itſelf came down and bled
To win a mortal's love.

But why do I flatter myſelf with theſe delightful ſcenes? I find thee abſent ſtill; I mourn and complain as one unpitied; what is life while thou art abſent? Oh! return and bleſs me with thy preſence, thou who knoweſt my diſtreſs, and art acquainted with my ſecret cares. Thou who art the witneſs of my midnight ſighs, and doſt hear when at the dawning day I call thee; but ſtill thou anſwereſt not, and ſeemeſt deaf to my prayers. I am, it is true, a worthleſs wretch; but vile as I am, thou haſt in thy immenſe compaſſion brought me into covenant with thee; *My beloved is mine, and I am his.*

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He is my ſun, though he refuſe to ſhine;
Though for a moment he depart,
I dwell for ever on his heart,
For ever he on mine.

Nothing can break the ſacred union; but for this confidence I were undone; but for this beam of hope I were loſt in eternal darkneſs. *Why art thou diſquieted, O my ſoul, and why art thou caſt down within me? Hope in God, for I ſhall yet praiſe him for the light of his countenance.* I ſhall yet welcome his return, I ſhall yet hear his charming voice, and meet his favorable ſmiles.

But why, O my God, this long ſuſpence? why do theſe intervals of night and darkneſs abide upon me, and torment my heart ſo long? Wilt thou deny a bliſs ſo eaſily granted? I aſk no more than is lawful for mortality to wiſh: I aſk not the viſions of angels here below, nor the beatitudes of perfected ſpirits: I aſk but what thou haſt bid me ſeek, and given me hopes to obtain: I aſk that ſacred fellowſhip, that ineffable communion with which thou favoreſt thy ſaints.

Oh! let me hear thoſe heavenly whiſpers that give them the foretaſtes of immortal pleaſures; let me be ſenſible of thoſe divine approaches that kindle celeſtial ardor in their ſouls; let me meet thoſe beams that darken all mortal beauty; let me enjoy, this earthly diſtance, thoſe ſmiles that

the bliſs of angels in heaven. Though it is but darkly, and afar off, yet let me feel their influence; it will brighten the paſſage of life, it will direct me thro' its mazes, and gild its rough and gloomy paths; it will raiſe the flames of ſacred love, it will waken the divine principle within me, and ſet it a glowing through all my powers. I ſhall abandon, I ſhall forget the vanities below, and the glories of the world will be no more. But while thou, O my God, hideſt thy face, I loſe my ſun, I languiſh and die: Yet to thee I will lift up my eyes, to thee I lift my ſoul.

Come, Lord, and never from me go;
This world's a darkſome place:
I find no pleaſure here below,
When thou doſt veil thy face.

XXVII. *Breathing after God, and weary of the World.*

'TIS no mean beauty of the ground
That has allur'd my eyes:
I faint beneath a nobler wound,
Nor love below the ſkies.

If words can reach the heights of love and gratitude, let me pour out the ſecret ardor of my ſoul; O let it not offend thy greatneſs, that duſt and vanity adores and loves thee. If thou hadſt given me other capacities,

Feb. 7. 1413. John XIII. 35.

capacities, and formed any thing more ſuitable to my wiſhes, I might have found a lower happineſs, and been content with ſomething below the infinite Deity; but the ſcanty creation affords nothing to ſatisfy me, and I follow thee by a divine inſtinct, and mere neceſſity of nature.

My life is uſeleſs, and my being inſignificant without thee: My reaſon has no proper employment—love, the nobleſt paſſion of my ſoul, has no object to anſwer its dignity. I am reduced to abſolute poverty; my nature is entirely ruined, I am loſt, eternally loſt, undone, and abandoned to deſpair, if I am deprived of thee. There can be no reparation made for an infinite loſs; nothing can be inſtead of God to my ſoul.

I have willingly renounced all things elſe for thy ſake: All the ſentiments of tenderneſs and delight, that my ſoul ever feels for any earthly object, is mere indifference, compared to my love for thee: and it grows into hatred when that object ſtands as thy rival or competitor. This is the conquering, the ſuperior flame that draws in and ſwallows up all the other ardours of my nature. My engagements with all terreſtrial things are broken; the names of father, of brother, or of friend, are no more; abſtracted from thee, theſe tender titles give me neither confidence nor joy, and are mere

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inſignificant names, but as thou doſt give them an emphaſis; they are nothing at all without thee; and with thee, what finite good can be an addition?

The ſoul can hold no more, for God is all,
He only equals its capacious graſp,
He only overfills to ſpaces infinite.

Thou art my God, and I have enough; my ſoul is ſatisfied, I am entirely at reſt. Divide the vain, the periſhing creation, to the miſerable wretches that aſk no other portion: let them unenvy'd poſſeſs the honors, and riches, and pleaſures of the world; with a laviſh hand divide them away: theſe things are but as the duſt of the balance to the happy ſoul that knows what the light of thy countenance imports. After that there can be no reliſh left for the low delights of mortality.

Loſt in the high enjoyments of thy love,
What glorious mortal could my envy move?

You ineffable delectations of divine love, let me have no ſentiment of pleaſure left but for you. My God revealing his glories and his graces in *Jeſus Chriſt* his Son, is ſufficient for my eternal entertainment.

What if all former ideas of viſible things were wiped from my ſoul? what if I had no imagination, no memory, no traces left of any thing but the joys I have found in thy preſence, and the aſſurance of thy everlaſting favor?

favor? thoſe are the only paſt moments I recal with pleaſure, and oh! let all the vaſt eternity before me be ſpent in theſe ſatisfactions.

Vaniſh, ye terreſtrial ſcenes! fly away, ye vain objects of ſenſe! I reſign all thoſe poor and limited faculties by which you are enjoyed; let me be inſenſible to all your impreſſions, if they do not lead me to my God. Let *Chaos* come again, and the fair face of nature become an univerſal blank: Let her glowing beauties all fade away, and thoſe divine characters ſhe wears be effaced, I ſhall yet be happy; the God of nature, and the original of all beauty is my God.

What if the ſun were extinguiſhed in the ſkies, and all the etherial lamps had burnt out their golden flames, I ſhall dwell in light and immortal day, for my God will be ever with me. When the groves ſhall no more renew their verdure, nor the fields and vallies boaſt any longer their flowry pride; when all theſe lower heavens, and this earth are mingled in univerſal ruin, and theſe material images of things are no more; I ſhall ſee new regions of beauty and pleaſure for ever opening themſelves in the divine eſſence with all their original glories.

But oh! how various, how boundleſs, how tranſporting will the proſpect be? oh! when ſhall I bid adieu to phantoms and deluſions,

luſions, and converſe with eternal realities? When ſhall I drink at the fountain head of eſſential life and bleſſedneſs?

——— ——— *and then,*

" *O what?—But aſk not of the tongues of men,*
" *For angels cannot tell.—Let it ſuffice,*
" *Thyſelf, my ſoul, ſhall feel thy own full joys,*
" *And hold them faſt for ever.*

Oh! break my fetters, for I muſt be gone.—Bring my ſoul out of priſon; I am ſtraitened; the whole creation is too narrow for me; I ſicken at this confinement, and groan and pant for liberty. How ſweet are the thoughts of enlargement? My ſoul is already on the wing, and practiſes imaginary flights: I ſeem to reach the heaven of heavens, where God himſelf reſides. It is good for me to be here.——

But ah! how ſoon the clouds of mortal ſenſe
Ariſe, and veil the charming viſion?

Alas! what do I here in this waſte and dreadful wilderneſs? This diſmal region, where our delights are vaniſhing, and the very glimpſes of future felicity we enjoy are ſo ſoon overſhaded, and ſurrounded with real horrors? Alas! what do I here, waſting that breath in ſighs and endleſs complaints, that was given me to bleſs and praiſe the infinite Creator? Alas! what do I here, among ſtrangers and enemies, in this wild un-

hoſpitable place, far from my home, and all the objects of my ſolid delight?

My wiſhes, hopes, my pleaſures, and my love,
My thoughts, and nobleſt paſſions are above.

What do I here in the dominions of death and ſin, in the precincts and range of the powers of darkneſs? Here they lay their toils, and ſet their fatal ſnares; but, Lord, what part have they in me? I have bid defiance to the powers of darkneſs in thy ſtrength, and renounced my ſhare in the vanities of the world. I am a ſubject of another kingdom, and dare not enter into any terms of peace and amity with the irreconcileable adverſaries of God and my ſoul, which inhabit theſe treacherous and ſinful regions. *The friendſhip of the world is enmity with God.* Death and deſtruction are in its ſmiles; I ſtand on my guard, and am every moment in danger of ſurprize: Oh! when will my deliverance come from on high?

——*When, my ſoul,*
O when ſhall thy releaſe from cumb'rous fleſh
Paſs the great ſeal of heav'n? What happy hour
Shall give thy tho'ts a looſe to ſoar and trace
The intellectual world?

What glorious ſcenes ſhall open, when once this mortal partition falls, when theſe walls of clay ſhall totter and ſink down into duſt? Ye waters of life, ye torrents of immortal

mortal pleaſure, how impetuouſly will you then roll in upon me, and ſwell and fill up all the capacities of joy in my nature? Every faculty ſhall then be filled, and every wiſh ſhall end in unutterable fruition. *When I awake* into immortal light, *I ſhall be ſatisfied with thy likeneſs.* Theſe expreſſleſs deſires will die into everlaſting raptures: Hope and languiſhing expectation will be no more; but preſent, complete, and unbounded ſatisfactions will ſurround me. My God, my God himſelf ſhall be my infinite, my unutterable joy: All the avenues of pleaſure ſhall be open before me, the ſcenes of beauty and proſpects of delight. *Everlaſting joy ſhall be upon my head, and ſorrow and ſighing ſhall flee away for ever.*

There will be no more intervals of grief and ſin; ſin, that inſupportable evil, that worſt, that heavieſt burden: Here the painful and deadly preſſure lies: 'Tis this that hangs as a weight on all my joys; but thanks be to my GOD, I can ſay, I ſincerely deteſt and hate this vileſt of ſlaveries, this curſed bondage of corruption; I long for the glorious liberty of the ſons of GOD; I groan under this load of fleſh, this burden of mortality, this body of death.

But grant, O Lord, I may with patience continue in well-doing, and at laſt obtain glory and immortality through my Redeem-

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er's righteouſneſs. *Sanctify me through thy word of truth*, remember this requeſt of my glorious Advocate.

XXVIII. *A Prayer for ſpeedy Sanctification.*

O LORD GOD, great and holy, all-ſufficient, and full of grace, if thou ſhouldſt bid me form a wiſh, and take whatſoever in heaven or earth I had to aſk, it ſhould not be the kingdoms of this world, nor the crowns of princes; no, nor ſhould it be the wreaths of martyrs, nor the thrones of arch-angels: my firſt requeſt is to be made holy; this is my higheſt concern. Rectify the diſorders ſin has made in my ſoul, and renew thy image there; let me be ſatisfied with thy likeneſs. Thou haſt compaſſed my paths with mercy in all other reſpects, and I am diſcontented with nothing but my own heart; becauſe it is ſo unlike the image of thy holineſs, and ſo unfit for thy immediate preſence.

Permit me to be importunate here, O bleſſed God, and grant the importunity if my wiſhes; let me be favored with a gracious and ſpeedy anſwer, for I am dying while I am ſpeaking: the very breath with which I am calling upon thee, is carrying away a part of my life: this tongue that is now in

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voking thee, muſt ſhortly be ſilent in the grave: Theſe knees that are bent to pay thee homage, and theſe hands that are now lifted to the moſt high God for mercy, muſt ſhortly be mouldering to their original duſt: Theſe eyes will ſoon be cloſed in death, which are now looking up to thy throne for a bleſſing. Oh! prevent the flying hours with thy mercy, and let thy favor outſtrip the haſty moments.

Thou art unchang'd, while rolling ages paſs along; but I am decaying, with every breath I draw. My whole allotted time to prepare for heaven is but a point, compared with thy infinite duration. The ſhortneſs and vanity of my preſent being, and the importance of my eternal concerns, join together to demand my utmoſt ſolicitude, and give wings to my warmeſt wiſhes. Before I can utter all my preſent deſires, the haſty opportunity perhaps is gone, the golden minute vaniſhed, and the ſeaſon of mercy has taken its everlaſting flight.

Oh! God of ages, hear me ſpeedily, and grant my requeſt while I am yet ſpeaking, my frail exiſtence will admit of no delay—anſwer me according to the ſhortneſs of my duration, and the exigence of my circumſtances. My buſineſs, of high importance as it is, yet is limited to the preſent *now*, the paſſing moment, for all the powers on earth cannot promiſe me the next.

Let not my preſſing importunity therefore offend thee; my happineſs, my everlaſting happineſs, my whole being is concerned in my ſucceſs: As much as the enjoyment of God himſelf is worth, is at ſtake.

Thou knoweſt, O Lord, what qualifications will fit me to behold thee; thou knoweſt in what I am defective; thou canſt prepare my ſoul in an inſtant, to enter into thy holy habitation: I breathe now, but the next moment may be death; let not that fatal moment come before I am prepared.—The ſame creating voice that ſaid, *Let there be light*, and there was light, can in the ſame manner purify and adorn my ſoul, and make me fit for thy own preſence; and my ſoul longs to be thus purified and adorned. O Lord, delay not, for every moment's interval is a loſs to me, and may be a loſs unſpeakable and unrepairable. Thy delay cannot be the leaſt advantage to thee; thy power and thy clemency are as full this preſent inſtant, as they will be the next, and my time as fleeting, and my wants as preſſing.

Remember, O eternal God, my loſt time is forever loſt, and my waſted hours will never return, my neglected opportunities can never be recalled; to me they are gone forever, and cannot be improved; but thou canſt change my ſinful ſoul into holineſs by a word, and ſet me now in a way to everlaſting improvement, O

O let not the Spirit of God reſtrain itſelf, but bleſs me according to the fulneſs of thy own being, according to the riches of thy grace in Chriſt Jeſus, according to thy infinite unconceivable love manifeſted in that glorious gift of thy beloved Son, wherein the fulneſs of the Godhead was contained: It is through his merit and mediation I humbly wait for all the unbounded bleſſings I want to aſk for.

XXIX. *Gratitude for early and peculiar Favors.*

LET me trace back thy mercy, O my God, from the firſt early dawn of life, and bleſs thee for the privileges of my birth, that it was not in the lands of darkneſs, where no ray of the goſpel had ever darted its light—where the name of a Saviour never had reached my ears, nor the tranſporting tidings of redemption from eternal miſery had never bleſſed my ſoul.

But how ſhall I expreſs my gratitude for that grace which ordained my lot in this happy land, one of the iſlands of which it was long ſince propheſied, *They ſhould ſee thy glory, and truſt in thy name? God has enlarged* Japhet, even the iſlands of the ſea, *and made him to dwell in the tents of Shem*, in the

the inheritance of *Abraham.* I have my deſcent from the *Gentiles*, who were once *ſtrangers to the covenant of grace, aliens from the commonwealth of Iſrael*; but are now brought nigh by the blood of ſprinkling. *Jeſus*, the great peace-maker, hath brought both near to God, and to each other.

I bleſs thee with all my powers, for the privilege of my deſcent from pious anceſtors; that thou haſt been their dwelling-place from generation to generation, and haſt not *taken thy loving kindneſs from their ſeed, nor ſuffered thy faithfulneſs to fail.*

Thou haſt extended thy mercy to me the laſt and leaſt of all my father's houſe, unworthy to wipe the feet of the meaneſt of the ſervants of my Lord; and yet by an abſolute act of goodneſs I am brought into thy family, and numbered with the children of God. Even ſo it has ſeemed good in thy ſight, who *art gracious to whom thou wilt be gracious.*

I might have been a veſſel of wrath, a trophy to thy juſtice, inſtead of a monument of thy mercy: How unſearchable thy ways! how uncontrouled and free!—Thou didſt regard me in my low eſtate, in more than my original guilt and miſery; for I had improved the wretched ſtock, and been a voluntary as well as a natural ſlave to ſin and death.

From

From this ignominious ſlavery, thou, my great Redeemer, haſt ranſomed me, and brought me into the glorious liberty of the ſons of God. I was a ſtranger, and thou didſt take me in; naked, and thou haſt clothed me with the ſpotleſs robes of thy own righteouſneſs; I was hungry, and thou didſt feed me; thirſty, and thou didſt give me to drink of the fountain of life.

What am I, O Lord, and what is my father's houſe, that thou haſt dealt thus graciouſly with me, in entering into an everlaſting covenant, ſigned and ſealed, even ſenſibly ſealed to my ſoul by the witneſs of thy Spirit? Lord, why me, rather than many that were companions of my earthly vanities and folly? Whence were the motives drawn, but from thy ſovereign pleaſure? How many are paſſed by that could have done thee more ſervice, and returned a warmer acknowledgment to thy diſtinguiſhing bounty?

Ye ſpirits of juſt men made perfect, ye ranſomed nations triumphant above, inſtruct me in the art of celeſtial eloquence; tell me in what ſtrains of ſacred harmony you expreſs your gratitude for this glorious redemption, while in exalted raptures you ſing to *him that loved and waſhed you in his own blood, and made you kings and prieſts to God.*

XXX.

XXX. *Aſpiring after the Viſion of* GOD *in Heaven.*

I Beſeech thee, ſhow me thy glory: It was a mortal in a ſtate of frailty and imperfection, that made this bold, but pious requeſt: Which I repeat on different terms.—Since none can ſee thy face and live, let me die to behold it. This is the only requeſt I have to make, and this will I ſeek after, that I may behold the beauty of the Lord; not as I have ſeen it in thy ſanctuary below, but in full perfection and ſplendor, as thou art ſeen by ſeraphs and cherubs, by angels and archangels, and the ſpirits of juſt men made perfect.

O my God, forgive my importunity:—Thou haſt commanded me to love thee with all my heart, my ſoul, my ſtrength, and haſt by thy Spirit kindled the ſacred flame in my breaſt: From this riſes my preſent impatience; from hence the ardor of my deſires ſpring. Can I love thee, and be ſatisfied at this diſtance from thee? Can I love thee, and not long to behold thee in perfect excellence and beauty? Is it a crime to preſs forward to the end for which I was created? All my wiſhes and my hopes of happineſs terminate in thee.

Does not the thirſty traveller pine for ſome refreſhing ſtream? Would not the weary

be

be at reſt, or the wretched captive be free? And ſhall not my thirſty, weary, captive ſoul, long for refreſhment, liberty, and reſt? I am but a ſtranger, a pilgrim here, and have no abiding place; this is not my reſt, my home; and yet if thou haſt any employment for me, though the meaneſt office in thy family, I will not repine at my ſtay.

But, O Lord, thou haſt no need of ſuch worthleſs ſervice as I can pay thee; thy angels are ſpirits, thy miniſters flames of fire; thouſands of thouſands ſtand before thee, and ten thouſand times ten thouſand miniſter unto thee; they attend thy orders, and fly at thy command. O deliver me from this burden of mortality, and I will ſerve thee with a zeal as pure and active as theirs.

I can ſpeak of thy loving kindneſs to the children of men in a very imperfect manner; but then I will join with the celeſtial choir, in praiſing thee, and rehearſe to liſtening angels what thou haſt done for my ſoul.—Here I have a thouſand interruptions from the delightful work, a thouſand cold and darkſome intervals, when my heart & tongue are both untuned, a thouſand neceſſary diſtractions that riſe from the miſeries of mortality; but when theſe intervals of grief and ſin ſhall ceaſe, my ſoul ſhall dwell at eaſe, and be forever glad, and rejoice in thy ſalvation.

XXXI.

XXXI. *A Surrender of the Soul to GOD.*

COMMAND me what thou wilt, O Lord, give me but ſtrength to obey thee; be thy terms never ſo ſevere, O let us never part. I reſign my will, my liberty, my choice to thee; I ſtand diveſted of the world, and aſk only thy love, as my inheritance. Give, or deny me what thou wilt, I leave all the circumſtances of my future time in thy hands: Let the Lord guide me continually; here I am, do with me what ſeemeth good in thy ſight, only do not ſay, *Thou haſt no pleaſure in me.*

Let me not live to diſhonor thee, to bring a reproach on thy name, to profane the blood of the Son of God, and grieve the Spirit of grace. O take not thy loving-kindneſs from me, nor ſuffer thy faithfulneſs to fail. Thou haſt ſworn by thy holineſs, and thou wilt not lie to the ſeed of thy ſervants; thou haſt ſworn that the generation of the righteous *ſhall be bleſſed*: Veſt me with this character, O my God, and fulfil this promiſe to a worthleſs creature.

XXXII. *Truſt and Reliance on the Divine Promiſes.*

O Let not my importunity offend thee, for it is the importunity of faith; it

is

is my ſtedfaſt belief in thy word that makes me perſiſt: Thy word and thy oath, the *two immutable things in which it is impoſſible for God to lie*, give me *ſtrong conſolation.*

It is this that makes me preſs forward to thy throne, and with confidence lay hold on thy ſtrength, thy wiſdom, and thy faithfulneſs, on thy goodneſs and tender compaſſion; thoſe glorious attributes for which *the children of men put their truſt under the ſhadow of thy wings.* It is thy glory to be the confidence of the ends of the earth, and it was long ſince predicted, *that in thy name the* Gentiles *ſhould truſt.*

Kind guardian of the world, our heavenly aid,
To whom the vows of all mankind are paid—

We pay the higheſt homage, and exalt thy infinite attributes by faith and confidence in thee.

I know that *thou art*, and believe thee a *rewarder of them that diligently ſeek thee.* I will never quit my hold of thy promiſes, there I fix my hopes: I will not let a little go, nor part with a mite of the glorious treaſure. I humbly hope I have a rightful claim; thou art my God, and the God of my religious anceſtors, the God of my mother, the God of my pious father: Dying and breathing out his ſoul, he gave me to thy care, he put me into thy gracious arms, and delivered me up to thy protection. He told

me thou wouldſt never leave nor forſake me; he triumphed in thy long experienced faithfulneſs and truth, and gave his teſtimony for thee with his lateſt breath.

And now, O Lord God of my fathers, whoſe mercy has deſcended from age to age, whoſe truth has remained unblemiſhed, and inviolable, and whoſe love remains without decay. O Lord, the faithful God and the true, keeping covenant and mercy to a thouſand generations, let me find that protection and bleſſing that the prayers of my dying father engaged for me: Now in the time of my diſtreſs, be a preſent help; and if thou wilt this once deliver me, thou alone ſhall be my future truſt, my councellor, and hope; to thee I will immediately apply myſelf, and look on the whole force of created nature as inſignificant. To thee I will devote all the bleſſings thou ſhalt give me, my time, my life, my whole of this world's goods; whatever ſhare thou ſhalt graciouſly allot me, ſhall ſurely be the Lord's.

Oh! hearken to the vows of my diſtreſs, and for thy own honor deliver me from this perplexity, which thou knoweſt, and reveal to me the abundance of mercy and truth.

It was my dependance on this promiſe and fidelity that brought me into this exigence; I ſtaggered not at thy promiſes through unbelief, but boldly ventured on the credit of thy

thy word. I took it for my ſecurity, and can the ſtrength of Iſrael repent? Canſt thou break thy covenant, and alter the thing that is gone out of thy mouth?

O God of Abraham, *God of* Iſaac, *and God of* Jacob, *this is thy name forever, and this thy memorial to all generations*; the God before whom my fathers walked, the God that fed me all my life long till now, and the angel that redeemed me from all evil, bleſs me. Let the God of *Jacob* be my help, let the Almighty bleſs me; let the bleſſings of my father *prevail above the bleſſings of his progenitors to the utmoſt bounds of the everlaſting hills.*

Bleſs me according to thy own greatneſs, according to the unſearchable riches of thy grace in *Chriſt Jeſus*; he is the ſpring of all my hope, in whom all the promiſes of God are yea and amen; he is the true and faithful witneſs, and has by his death ſealed the divine veracity, and is become ſurety for the honor and faithfulneſs of the Moſt High God. To this alſo the Holy Ghoſt, the Spirit of Truth, bears witneſs.

Oh! great *Jehovah*, Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt, the Lord God omnipotent, hear and grant my requeſt, for the glory of thy mighty name, that name which ſaints and angels bleſs and love: Let thy perfections be manifeſt to the children of men; let

let them ſay, there is a God that judgeth in the earth: Let them confeſs thou doſt keep thy covenant with the ſeed of thy ſervants, that thy righteouſneſs is from age to age, and thy ſalvation ſhall never be aboliſhed; let them ſee and acknowledge, that in the fear of the Lord is ſtrong confidence, and his children have a place of refuge.

Unſhaken as the ſacred hill,
And firm as mountains be;
Firm as a rock the ſoul ſhall reſt
That leans, O Lord, on thee.

MEMORANDUM.

This act of faith in God was fully anſwered, and I leave my teſtimony, that *the name of the Lord is a ſtrong tower, and he knoweth them that put their truſt in him.*

XXXIII. *Application to the divine Truth.*

HOWEVER intricate and hopeleſs my preſent diſtreſs may be to human views, why ſhould I limit the Almighty? or why ſhould the Holy one of Iſrael limit himſelf? Nature and neceſſity are thine; thou ſpeakeſt the word, and it comes to paſs; no obſtacle can oppoſe the omnipotence of thy will, nor make thy deſigns ineffectual.

Is thy hand at all ſhortened ſince the glorious period, when thy mighty power, and thy

thy ſtretched arm form'd the heavens and earth; when theſe ſpacious ſkies were ſpread at thy command, and this heavy globe fixed on its airy pillars?

The ſtrong foundations of the earth,
Of old by thee were laid;
Thy hands the beauteous arch of heaven
With wonderous ſkill hath made.

And theſe ſhall wax old as a garment, as a veſture ſhalt thou change them, and they ſhall be changed; but ſhould thou, like theſe, decay, what were the hopes of them that confide in thee? If in all generations thy perfections were not the ſame, what conſolation could the race of men draw from the ancient records of thy wonderful works? Why are we told, *Thou didſt divide the ſea, to make a path for thy people thro' the mighty waters*; that thou didſt *rain bread from heaven*, and diſſolve the flinty rock in chryſtal rills, to give thy choſen nation drink?

Thou art he that diſtinguiſhed Noah in the univerſal deluge, and preſerved the floating ark amidſt the winds and rains, and tumultuous billows.

'Twas thy protecting care that led Abraham from his kindred and his native country, and brought him ſafely to the promiſed land.

Thou didſt accompany Jacob in his journey to Padan-aram, and give him bread to

eat, and raiment to put on, till greatly increaſed in ſubſtance: He returned to his father's houſe, he wreſtled for a bleſſing, he wreſtled with the Almighty, and prevailed.

With Joſeph thou wenteſt down into Egypt, and didſt deliver him out of all his adverſities, till he forgat his ſorrows, and all the toil of his father's houſe.

Thou didſt remember thy people in the Egyptian bondage, and look with pitying eyes on their affliction; and after four hundred and thirty years, on the very day thou hadſt promiſed, didſt releaſe and bring them out with triumph and miracles. Thy preſence went with them in a pillar of a cloud by day, and a protecting fire by night.

Thy conquering hand drove out great and potent nations, and gave them an entire poſſeſſion of the land promiſed to their fathers; nor didſt thou fail in the leaſt circumſtance of all the good things thou hadſt promiſed.

What a cloud of witneſſes ſtand on record! Joſhua and Gideon, Jephtha and Samſon, who through faith obtained promiſes.

Thou didſt command the ravens to feed thy holy Prophet; and at the word of a Prophet, didſt ſuſtain the widow's family with a handful of meal.

Thou didſt walk with the three Hebrews in the fiery furnace. Thou

Thou waſt preſent with Daniel in the lion's den to deliver him, becauſe he truſted in thee.

In what inſtance has the prayer of faith been rejected? Where were the righteous forſaken? Who can charge God, without charging him fooliſhly? What injuſtice has been found in the Judge of all the earth? His glorious titles have ſtood unblemiſhed from generation to generation; nor can any of his perfections decay, or rolling years make a change on the *Antient of days.*

Are not his words clear and diſtinct, without a double meaning, or the leaſt deceit? Are they not ſuch as may juſtly ſecure my confidence—ſuch as would ſatisfy me from the mouth of man, unconſtant man, whoſe breath is in his noſtrils, and his foundation in the duſt, unſtable as water, and fleeting as a ſhadow? And can I ſo ſlowly aſſent to the words of the Moſt High? Shall I truſt impotent man, that has neither wiſdom nor might to accompliſh his deſigns, that cannot call the next breath or motion his own, nor promiſe himſelf a moment in all futurity? Can I reſt on theſe feeble props, and yet tremble and deſpond when I have the veracity of the eternal God to ſecure and ſupport me?

I know he will not break his covenant, nor ſuffer his faithfulneſs to fail:—I dare

atteſt

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I know he will not break his covenant, nor ſuffer his faithfulneſs to fail:—I dare

atteſt

atteſt it in the face of earth and hell—I dare ſtake my all for time and eternity on this glorious truth; a truth which hell cannot blemiſh, nor all its malice contradict.

Exert yourſelves, ye powers of darkneſs; bring in your evidence, collect your inſtances, begin from the firſt generation, ſince the world was peopled, and men began to call on the name of the Lord; when did they call in vain? When did the Holy One of Iſrael fail the expectation of the humble and contrite ſpirit? Point out in your blackeſt characters the diſmal period, when the name of the Lord was no more a refuge to them that truſted in him? Let the annals of hell be produced, let them mark the dreadful day, and diſtinguiſh it with eternal triumphs.

In vain you ſearch; for neither heaven, nor earth, nor hell, have ever been witneſs to the leaſt deviation from truth or juſtice. The Almighty ſhines with unblemiſhed glory, to the confuſion of hell, and the conſolation of thoſe that put their truſt in him.

On thy eternal truth and honor I entirely caſt myſelf? if I am deceived, I am deceived. Angels and arch-angels are deluded too;—they, like me, have no dependance beyond the divine veracity, for their bleſſedneſs and immortality; they hang all their hopes on his goodneſs and immutability; if that fails, the celeſtial paradiſe vaniſhes, and all its glories

glories are extinct; the golden palaces ſink, and the ſeraphic thrones muſt totter and fall. Where are your crowns? ye ſpirits elect—where are your ſongs and your triumphs, if the truth of God can fail? A mere poſſibility of that would darken the fields of light, and turn the voice of melody into grief and lamentation.

What pangs would riſe, even through all the regions of bleſſedneſs, what diffidence and fear would ſhake the heart of every inhabitant, what agonies ſurprize them all, could the word of the moſt High God be cancelled? The pillars of heaven might then tremble, and the everlaſting mountains bow, the celeſtial foundations might be moved from their place, and that nobleſt ſtructure of the hands of God be chaos, and eternal emptineſs.

But for ever *juſt and true are thy ways, thou King of ſaints*; *bleſſed are all they that put their truſt in thee*; for thou art a certain refuge in the day of diſtreſs, and under the ſhadow of thy wings I will rejoice. *My ſoul ſhall make her boaſt in the Lord, and triumph in his ſalvation: I called on him in my diſtreſs, and he has delivered me from all my fears.*—Hallelujah.

Here I diſmiſs my carnal hope,
My fond deſires recal;
Give my mortal intereſts up,
And make my God my all.

XXXIV.

XXXIV. *Glory to* GOD *for Salvation by* JESUS *and his Blood.*

LET me give glory to God before I die, and take ſhame and confuſion to myſelf. I aſcribe my ſalvation to the free and abſolute goodneſs of God. Not by the ſtrength of reaſon or any natural inclination to virtue, but *by the grace of God I am what I am.* O my Redeemer, be the victory, be the glory thine. I expect eternal life and happineſs from thee, not as a debt, but a free gift, a promiſed act of bounty. How poor would my expectations be, if I only looked to be rewarded according to thoſe works which my own vanity, or the partiality of others, have called *good*, and which, if examined by the divine purity, would prove but ſpecious ſins? As ſuch I renounce them: Pardon them, gracious Lord, and I aſk no more; nor can I hope for that, but through the ſatisfaction which has been made to divine juſtice for the ſins of the world.

O Jeſus, my Saviour, what harmony dwells in thy name! celeſtial joy, immortal life is in the ſound.

Sweet name! in thy each ſyllable
A thouſand bleſs'd Arabia's dwell:
Mountains of myrrh, and beds of ſpices,
And ten thouſand paradiſes.

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Let angels ſet this name to their golden harps; let the redeemed of the Lord for ever magnify it.

O my propitious Saviour, where were my hopes but for thee; how deſperate, how undone were my circumſtances? I look on myſelf, in every view I can take, with horror and contempt. I was born in a ſtate of miſery and ſin, and in my beſt eſtate am altogether vanity. With the utmoſt advantages I can boaſt, I ſhrink back, I tremble to appear before unblemiſhed Majeſty. O thou in whoſe name the Gentiles truſt, be my refuge in that awful hour. To thee I come, my only confidence and hope. Let the blood of ſprinkling, let the ſeal of the covenant be on me. Cleanſe me from my original ſtain, and my contracted impurity, and adorn me with the robes of thy righteouſneſs, by which alone I expect to ſtand juſtified before infinite juſtice and purity.

O enter not into judgment with me, for the beſt actions of my life cannot bear thy ſcrutiny; ſome ſecret blemiſh has ſtained all my glory. My devotion to God has been mingled with levity and irreverence; my charity to man, with pride and oſtentation. Some latent defect has attended my beſt actions; and thoſe very things which perhaps have been highly eſteemed by men, have deſerved contempt in the ſight of God.

"*When*

" *When I ſurvey the wond'rous croſs*
" *On which the Prince of Glory dy'd,*
" *My richeſt gain I count but loſs,*
" *And pour contempt on all my pride.*
" *Forbid it, Lord, that I ſhould boaſt,*
" *Save in the croſs of Chriſt my God:*
" *All the vain things that charm me moſt,*
" *I ſacrifice them to thy blood.*"

APRIL 30, 1735.

XXXV. *A Review of Divine Mercy and Faithfulneſs.*

I AM now ſetting to my ſeal, that God is true, and leaving this as my laſt teſtimony to the divine veracity. I can, from numerous experiences, aſſert his faithfulneſs, and witneſs to the certainty of his promiſes. *The word of the Lord is tried, and he is a buckler to all thoſe that put their truſt in him.*

O come, all you that fear the Lord, and I will tell you what he has done for my ſoul; I will aſcribe righteouſneſs to my Maker, and leave my record for a people yet unborn, that the generation to come may riſe up and praiſe him.

Into whatever diſtreſs his wiſe providence has brought me, I have called on the Lord, and he heard me, and delivered me from all my fears: I truſted in God, and he ſaved me.

me. Oh! let my experience ſtand a witneſs to them that hope in his mercy; let it be to the Lord for a praiſe and a glory.

I know not where to begin the recital of thy numerous favors. Thou haſt hid me in the ſecret of thy pavilion, from the pride of man, and from the ſtrife of tongues, when by a thouſand follies I have merited reproach. Thou haſt graciouſly protected me, when the vanity of my friends, or the malice of my enemies, might have ſtained my reputation: Thou haſt covered me with thy feathers, and under thy wings have I truſted: Thy truth has been my ſhield and my buckler; to thee I owe the bleſſing of a clear and unblemiſhed name, and not to my own conduct, nor the partiality of my friends—Glory be to thee, O Lord.

Thou haſt led me through a thouſand labyrinths, and enlightened my darkneſs—When ſhades and perplexity ſurround me, my light has broke forth out of obſcurity, and my darkneſs been turned into noon day. Thou haſt been a guide and a father to me. When I knew not where to aſk advice, thou haſt given me unerring counſel: *The ſecret of the Lord has been with* me, and he *has ſhown me his covenant.*

In how many ſeen and unſeen dangers haſt thou delivered me! How narrow my gratitude! How wide thy mercy! How innumer-

able are thy thoughts of love! How infinite the inſtances of thy goodneſs! How high above the ways and thoughts of man!

How often haſt thou ſupplied my wants, and by thy bounty confounded my unbelief? Thy benefits have ſurpriſed and juſtly reproached my diffidence; my faith has often failed, but thy goodneſs has never failed.—The world and all its flatteries have failed, my own heart and hopes have failed, but thy mercy endures forever, thy faithfulneſs has never failed.

The ſtrength of Iſrael has never deceived me, nor made me aſhamed of my confidence. Thou haſt never been as a deceitful brook, or as waters that fail to my ſoul.

In loving-kindneſs, in truth, and in very faithfulneſs, thou haſt afflicted me: Oh! how unwilling haſt thou ſeemed to grieve me? with how much indulgence has the puniſhment been mixed? Love has appeared through the diſguiſe of every frown: Its beams have glimmered through the darkeſt night; by every affliction thou haſt been ſtill drawing me nearer to thyſelf, and removing my carnal props, that I may lean with more aſſurance on the eternal rock.

Thy love has been my leading glory from the firſt intricate ſteps of life: The firſt undeſigning paths I trod, were marked and guarded by the vigilance of thy love. Oh! whither elſe had my ſin and folly led me?

How often have I tried and experienced thy clemency, and found an immediate answer to my prayers? Thou haſt often literally fulfilled thy word: I have a freſh inſtance of thy faithfulneſs again. Thou haſt made me triumph in thy goodneſs, and given a new teſtimony to the veracity of thy promiſes.

And after all, what ingratitude, what inſenſibility reigns in my heart! Oh! cancel it by the blood of the covenant. Root out this monſtrous infidelity that ſtill returns after the fulleſt evidence of thy truth.—— Thou haſt graciouſly condeſcended to anſwer me in my own time and way, and yet I am again doubting thy faithfulneſs and care. *Lord*, pity me, *I believe, O help my unbelief*. Go on to ſuccor, go on to pardon, and at laſt conquer my diffidence. Let me hope againſt hope, and in the greateſt perplexity give glory to God, by believing what my own experience has ſo often found—*That the ſtrength of Iſrael will not lie; nor is he as man, that he ſhould repent.*

While I have memory and thought, let his goodneſs dwell on my ſoul. Let me not forget the depth of my diſtreſs, the anguiſh and importunity of my vows. When every human help failed, and all was darkneſs and perplexity, then God was all my ſtay—Then I knew no name but his, and he alone knew

knew my ſoul in adverſity. Bleſs the Lord, O my ſoul, and forget not all his benefits.

Long as I live, I'll bleſs thy name,
My King, and God of love;
My work and joy ſhall be the ſame
In the bright worlds above.

I have yet a thouſand, and ten thouſand deliverances to recount, ten thouſand unaſk'd for mercies to recal: No moment of my life has been deſtitute of thy care; no accident has found me unguarded by thy watchful eye, or neglected by thy providence.—— Thou haſt been often found, unſought by my ungrateful heart, and thy favors have ſurpriſed me with great and unexpected advantages: Thou haſt compelled me to receive the bleſſings my fooliſh humour deſpiſed, and my corrupt will would fain have rejected. Thou haſt ſtopped thy ears to the deſires which would have ruined and undone me, when I might juſtly have been left to my own choice, for the puniſhment of my many ſins and follies. How great my guilt! how infinite thy mercy!

Hitherto God has helped, and here I ſet up a memorial to that goodneſs which has never abandoned me to the malice and ſtratagems of my infernal foes, nor left me a prey to human craft or violence. The glory of his providence has often ſurpriſed me, when groping in thick darkneſs. With a potent

potent voice he has ſaid, *Let there be light, and there was light.* He has made his goodneſs paſs before me, and loudly proclaimed his name, *The Lord, the Lord God, merciful and gracious.* To him be glory for ever.—*Amen.*

XXXVI. *Some daily Experiences of the gracious methods of divine Providence, to me, the leaſt and moſt unworthy of all the ſervants of my Lord.*

FIRST WEEK.‡

I.

EVERY day's experience reproaches my unbelief, and brings me ſome new evidence of thy faithfulneſs. Thou haſt diſpelled my fears, and, to the confuſion of my ſpiritual foes, thou haſt heard the voice of my diſtreſs. But a few hours ago I was trembling and doubting, if thou waſt indeed a God hearing prayer; and now I have a freſh inſtance of thy goodneſs, which with a grateful heart I here record. May the ſenſe of thy benefits dwell forever on my ſoul.

II.

Thy mercies are new every morning; again thou haſt given me an inſtance of thy

‡ *Note*—The diviſion of theſe meditations into ſevens by the pious writer, ſeems to tell us that theſe were the devout thoughts of ſix weeks of her life.

truth; *I truſted in God, and he has delivered me; I will love the Lord, becauſe he has heard the voice of my ſupplication; therefore will I call on him as long as I live.*

III.

As for God, his way is perfect; the word of the Lord is try'd: He is a buckler to all that put their truſt in him. He has punctually fulfilled the word on which I relied.—Bleſs the Lord, O my ſoul.

IV.

Thy bounty follows me with an unwearied courſe; language is too faint to expreſs thy praiſe: No eloquence can reach the ſubject. My heart is warm with the pious reflection; I look upward, and ſilently breathe out the unutterable gratitude that melts and rejoices my ſoul; I ſtaggered at thy promiſe thro' unbelief, and yet thou haſt graciouſly performed thy words. If we ſometimes doubt or faulter in our faith, yet he abideth faithful who has promiſed.

V.

With the morning light my health and peace are renewed; the chearing influence of the ſun, and the ſweeter beams of the divine favor ſhine on my tabernacle—Lord, why me?—why am I a ranſom'd, pardon'd ſinner?—why am I rejoicing among the inſtances of ſovereign grace, and unlimited clemency?

VI.

VI.

I boaſted in thy truth, and thou haſt not made me aſhamed. My infernal foes are confounded, while my faith is crowned with ſucceſs.

Oh! who hath taſted of thy clemency,
In greater meaſure, and more oft than I?

VII.

As the week begun, ſo it ends with a ſeries of mercy. Language and numbers fail to reckon thy favors, but this ſhall be my eternal employment,

When nature fails, and day and night
Divide thy works no more,
My ever thankful ſoul, O Lord,
Thy goodneſs ſhall adore.

SECOND WEEK.

I HAVE ſeen the goings of God my King in his ſanctuary: But oh, how tranſient the view! My ſins turned back thy clemency, and yet I can celebrate the wonders of forgiving grace.

II.

What do I owe thee, O thou great preſerver of men, for eaſy and peaceful ſleep, for nights unmoleſted with pain and anxiety.

Thou round my bed a guard doſt keep;
Thine eyes are open while mine ſleep.

Not a moment ſlides in which I am unguarded by thy gracious protection.

III.

Thanks be to God, who has given me the victory thro' the Lord Jeſus Chriſt. Thou haſt delivered me from the ſnare of the fowler, the craft and malice of hell, and kept me back from ſinning againſt thee—be thine the victory and praiſe. *Hallelujah.*

IV. O

IV.

O Lord God of Iſrael, *happy is the man that putteth his truſt in thee.* I left my burden at thy feet, and thou haſt ſuſtained me; my cares are diſſipated, my deſires anſwered. *O who is a God like unto thee, near unto all that call upon thee?*

V.

Thy ſtrength is manifeſt in weakneſs. *Not unto me, O Lord, but to thee be all the glory.*

For ever thy dear charming name
Shall dwell upon my tongue;
And JESUS *and* Salvation *be*
The theme of every ſong.

This ſhall be my employment thro' an eternal duration—'tis that alone can meaſure my gratitude. The Lord Jehovah is my ſtrength and ſalvation—he alſo ſhall be my ſong.

VI.

Every day's experience confirms my faith, and brings a freſh evidence of thy goodneſs. Thou haſt diſpelled my fears, and to the confuſion of my ſpiritual foes, harkened to the voice of my diſtreſs.

VII.

I will love the Lord, who has heard my ſupplications. I made my boaſt in his faithfulneſs, and he has anſwered all my expectation.

THIRD WEEK.

I.

MY laſt exigence will be the cloſing part of my life. Oh! remember me then, my God. Thou who haſt led me hitherto, forſake me not at laſt. Be my ſtrength when nature fails, and the flame of life is juſt expiring; let thy ſmiles cheer that gloomy hour; Oh! then let thy gentle voice whiſper peace and ineffable conſolation to my ſoul.

II.

II.

In ſix and in ſeven troubles thou haſt delivered me, and been a covert from the tempeſt, a hiding place from the wind—Hitherto God has helped, and I have dwelt ſecure; and here I leave a memorial to thy praiſe, a witneſs againſt all my future diſtruſt of thy faithfulneſs and truth.

III.

Every day of my life encreaſes the ſum of thy mercies. The riſing and the ſetting ſun, in its conſtant revolution, can witneſs the renewal of thy favors. Thou waſt graciouſly preſent in an imminent danger; by thee my bones have been kept entire, and thou haſt not ſuffered me to daſh my foot againſt a ſtone.

IV.

Bleſs the Lord, O my ſoul, and all that is within me, bleſs his holy name. Bleſs the Lord, O my ſoul, and forget not all his benefits; who heals thy diſeaſes, and pardons all thy ſins. O thou, the great phyſician of my body as well as of my diſtemper'd ſoul, thou haſt reſtored and ſaved me from death and hell. Bleſſed Jeſus, thou haſt *taken my infirmities, and borne my ſickneſs; the chaſtiſement of my peace was on thee, and by thy ſtripes I am healed.*

V.

I ſubſcribe to thy truth, O Lord; I atteſt it in contradiction to infernal malice, to all the helliſh ſuggeſtions that would tempt my heart to diffidence and unbelief, even againſt repeated experience, againſt the fulleſt evidence of divine veracity.

VI.

Oh! thou who never ſlumbereſt nor ſleepeſt, this night thy watchful care has kept me from a threatening danger. Thy eyes were open, while I was ſleeping ſecure beneath the covert of thy wings.

VII.

VII.

Another, and greater deliverance has crowned the day: I have found thy grace ſufficient in an hour of temptation, thy ſtrength has been manifeſt in my weakneſs. Thine was the conqueſt; be the crown and the glory thine for ever. By thee I have triumphed over the ſtratagems of hell; *not unto me, but to thy name, be the praiſe, O Lord.*

FOURTH WEEK.

I.

'TIS not one of a thouſand of thy favors I can record; but eternity is before me, and that unlimited duration ſhall be employed to rehearſe the wonders of thy grace. Then in the great aſſembly I will praiſe thee, I will declare thy faithfulneſs, and tell to liſtening angels what thou haſt done for my ſoul, even for me, the leaſt in thy family, unworthy to wipe the feet of the meaneſt of the ſervants of my Lord.

II.

How numberleſs are thy thoughts of love to my ſoul! If I ſhould count them, they are more than the ſand on the ſhore: Thou haſt again reproved my unbelief, and given me a new conviction that my whole dependance is on thee; that ſecond cauſes are nothing, but as thou doſt give them efficacy: All nature obeys thee, and is governed at thy command.

III.

O my God, I am again ready to diſtruſt thee, and call in queſtion thy faithfulneſs: Oh! how deep has this curſed weed of infidelity rooted itſelf in my nature, but thou canſt root it out.

IV. Again

IV.

Again I muſt begin the rehearſal of thy mercies, which will never have an end; for thou doſt renew the inſtances of thy goodneſs to a poor ungrateful ſinner. Thou haſt punctually fulfilled the promiſe on which I depended: Thou haſt granted the requeſt of my lips, and led me in a plain way that I have not ſtumbled.

V.

This day I have received an unexpected favor: I doubted the ſucceſs indeed but thou haſt gently rebuked my unbelief, and convinced me that all things are poſſible with thee, and that the hearts of the children of men are in thy hands.

VI.

Whether thou doſt favor or afflict me, I rejoice in the glory of thy attributes in whatever inſtance they are diſplayed. Be thy honor advanced, whether in mercy or juſtice: I muſt ſtill aſſert the equity of thy ways, and aſcribe righteouſneſs to my maker. Yet let me plead with thee, O my God, ſince mercy is thy darling attribute, Oh! let it now be exalted: Deal not with me in ſeverity, but indulgence; for if thou ſhouldeſt mark what is amiſs, who can ſtand before thee?

VII.

Thou doſt heal my diſeaſes, and renew my life; thou art the guardian of my ſleeping and waking hours. Glory to my God, whoſe eyes never ſlumber.

FIFTH WEEK.

I.

THOU knoweſt my ſecret grief, where my pain lies, and what are my doubts and difficulties. In thy wonted clemency, O Lord, diſpel

diſpel my darkneſs; leave me not to any fatal deluſion in an affair of everlaſting moment. This is my hour of information and practice; beyond the grave no miſtake can be rectified—as the tree falls, ſo it muſt forever lie.

II.

Thy goodneſs ſtill purſues me, O heavenly Father, with an unwearied courſe; new inſtances of thy faithfulneſs reproach my unbelief. I ſent up my petition with doubting heart, and yet thou haſt graciouſly deigned to encourage my weak and ſtaggering faith, which has often wavered and failed, even in the view of the brighteſt evidence of thy power and truth.

III.

Thou doſt ſeem reſolved to leave my unbelief without excuſe, by renewing the glorious conviction of thy clemency and truth. O let not the unworthineſs of the object turn back thy benignity from its natural courſe.

IV.

How many unrecorded mercies have glided along with my fleeting moments into thoughtleſs ſilence, and long oblivion? How prone is my ungrateful heart to forget the benefits, or (oh! amazing guilt) to make an ungrateful return?

V.

Oh! never let my falſe heart relapſe into diſtruſt and unbelief again. Thou has rebuked my folly, and put a new ſong of praiſe into my mouth. Let thoſe infernal ſuggeſtions vaniſh, that would once object againſt thy oft-experienced truth.—In this I would ſtill triumph, and inſult all the malice of hell. A time will come when thou ſhalt be glorified in thy ſaints, when thy truth and faithfulneſs ſhall appear in full ſplendor, when

the

the beauty of thy attributes ſhall be conſpicuous, and clear from every blemiſh that the impiety of men, or the malice of devils has charged on thy moſt righteous providence.

VI.

Let me ſtill aſſert, that the ways of God are perfect juſtice and truth. I have a freſh inſtance of thy goodneſs to boaſt, and yet my ungrateful heart is even now ready to diſtruſt. The Lord increaſe my faith. Let thy renewed favors ſilence my unbelief, *to ſhow that the Lord is upright; he is my rock, and there is no unrighteouſneſs in him.*

VII.

Teach me your language, ye miniſters of light, that I may expreſs my wonder and gratitude. O thou, who canſt explain the ſecret meaning of my ſoul, take the praiſe that human words cannot expreſs; accept theſe unutterable attempts to praiſe thee.

SIXTH WEEK.

I.

LET me go on. O Moſt Holy, to record thy faithfulneſs and truth; let it be engraven in the rock forever; let it be impreſſed on my ſoul, and impoſſible to be effaced.—What artifice of hell it is that ſo often tempts me to diſtruſt thee, and joins with my native depravity to queſtion thy truth.

II.

Oh! may I never forget this remarkable preſervation. Thy gentle hand ſupported me, and underneath were the everlaſting arms. *Thou haſt kept all my bones, not one of them is broken:* Thy mercy upheld me, even when it foreſaw my inſenſibility and ingratitude. How does my guilt

heighten thy clemency? How wonderous is thy patience, O Lord, and thy rich grace, that only gently rebuked me when thou mighteſt have taken ſevere vengeance of my ſins.

III.

I muſt again begin the rehearſal of thy love—Thou haſt eaſed my pain, ſcattered my fears, and lengthened out my days, Oh! may my being be devoted to thee; let it be for ſome remarkable ſervice that I am reſtored to health again.

IV.

I find thy mercies renewed with my fleeting days, and to rehearſe them ſhall be my glad employment. I truſted thee with my little affairs, and thou haſt condeſcended to give me ſucceſs.—Lord, what is man, that thou doſt thus graciouſly regard him? Even my ſins, my hourly provocations, cannot put a check to the courſe of thy beneficence; it keeps on its conquering way, againſt all the oppoſition of my ingratitude and unbelief; and haſt thou not promiſed, O Lord, it ſhall run parallel with my life, and meaſure out my days?

V.

JESUS, my never-failing truſt, I called on thy name, and thou haſt fully anſwered my hopes—Let thy praiſes dwell on my tongue, let me breathe thy name to the leaſt ſpark of life. Thou haſt ſcattered my fears, and been gracious beyond all my hopes: My faint and doubting prayers have not been rejected; but oh! how ſlow are returns of praiſe, how backward my acknowledgments!

VI.

Never have I truſted thee in vain; Lord, increaſe my faith; confirm it by a continued ſeries of

of thy bounty: Add this favor to the reſt; for faith is the gift of God, an attainment above reaſon or nature. I am now waiting for the accompliſhment of a promiſe! Oh! ſhow me thy mercy and truth; add this one inſtance to the reſt, and for ever ſilence the ſuggeſtions of hell, and my own infidelity.

VII.

How rooted is this curſed principle of unbelief, that can yet diſtruſt thee after ſo many recorded inſtances of thy love? How long will it be e're my wavering ſoul ſhall entirely confide in thy ſalvation? Oh! my God, pity my weakneſs, give new vigor to my faith, and let me take up my reſt in thee for ever.

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